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IN TOUCH.

BY ELEANOR NINA NASH.

I opened my door when the darkness lay
Like a shroud over land and sea,
For my heart was sad with a wild unrest
And bitter uncertainty.
No stars peeped out from the cloudy sky,
The moon it was hid from view,
And yet, 'mid the gloom of that winter night,
I felt in touch with you.

There is no frost on the garden walk to-night
And a sobbing along the shore;
There are happy voices within my home
And a child's sweet face at the door;
But your mem'ry dear is not blotted out,
And I feel on a night like this
That the clasp of a tiny hand means rest—
Feel peace in my baby's kiss!

HER DAUGHTER.

BY S. U. W.

WHEN they asked me to spend the Long with them, or as much of it as I could manage, I felt more than half disposed to write and say that I could not manage any of it at all. Of course a man's uncle and aunt are his uncle and aunt, and as such I do not mean to say that *I* ever thought of suggesting anything against Mr. and Mrs. Plaskett. But then Plaskett is fifty-five if he's a day, and not agile, and Mrs. Plaskett always struck me as being about ten years older. They have no children, and the idea was that, as Mrs. Plaskett's niece—Plaskett is my mother's brother, so that Mrs. Plaskett is only my aunt by marriage—as I was saying, the idea was that, as Mrs. Plasket's niece was going to spend her Long with them, I, as it were, might take pity on the girl, and see her through it.

I am not saying that there are not worse things than seeing a girl, single-handed through a thing like that, but then it depends upon the girl. In this case, the mischief was her mother. The girl was Mrs. Plaskett's brother's child; his name was Riddle. Riddle was dead. The misfortune was that his wife was still alive. I had never seen her, but I had heard of her ever since I was breeched. She is one of those awful Anti-Everythingites. She won't allow you to smoke, or drink, or breathe comfortably, so far as I understand. I dare say you've heard of her. Whenever there is any new craze about, her name always figures in the bills.

So far as I know, I am not possessed of all the vices. At the same time, I did not look forward to being shut up all alone in a country house with the daughter of a "Woman Crusader." On the other hand, Uncle Plaskett has behaved, more than once, like a trump to me; and, as I felt that this might be an occasion on which he expected me to behave like a trump to him, I made up my mind that I would sample the girl and see what she was like.

I had not been in the house half an hour before I began to wish I hadn't come. Miss Riddle had not arrived, and if she was anything like the picture which my aunt painted of her, I hoped that she never would arrive—at least, while I was there. Neither of the Plasketts had seen her since she was the merest child. Mrs. Riddle never had approved of them. They were not Anti-Everythingite enough for her. Ever since the death of her husband she had practically ignored them. It was only when, after all these years, she found herself in a bit of a hole, that she seemed to have remembered their existence. It appeared that Miss Riddle was at some Anti-Everythingite college or other. The term was at an end.

Her mother was in America, "Crusading" against one of her aversions. Some hitch had unexpectedly occurred as to where Miss Riddle was to spend her holidays. Mrs. Riddle had amazed the Plasketts by telegraphing to them from the States to ask if they could give her house-room. And that forgiving, tender-hearted uncle and aunt of mine had said they would.

I assure you, Dave, that when first I saw her you might have knocked me over with a feather. I had spent the night seeing her in nightmares—a lively time I had had of it. In the morning I went out for a stroll, so that the fresh air might have a chance of clearing my head. And when I came back there was a little thing sitting in the morning-room talking to Aunt—I give you my word that she did not come within two inches of my shoulder.

I do not want to go into raptures. I flatter myself I am beyond the age for that. But a sweeter-looking little thing I never saw! I was wondering who she might be, when my aunt introduced us.

"Charlie, this is your cousin, May Riddle. May, this is your cousin, Charlie Kempster."

She stood up—such a dot of a thing! She held out her hand—she found *fours* in gloves a trifle loose. She looked at me with her eyes all laughter—you never saw such eyes, never! Her smile, when she spoke, was so contagious, that I would have defied the surliest man alive to have maintained his surliness when he found himself in front of it.

"I am very glad to see you—cousin."

Her voice! And the way in which she said it! As I have written, you might have knocked me down with a feather.

I found myself in clover. And no man ever deserved good fortune better. It was a case of virtue rewarded. I had come to do my duty, expecting to find it bitter, and, lo, it was very sweet. How such a mother came to have such a child was a mystery to all of us.

There was not a trace of humbug about her. So far from being an Anti-Everythingite, she went in for everything, strong. That hypocrite of an uncle of mine had arranged to revolutionize the habits of his house for her. There were to be family prayers morning and evening, and a sermon, and three-quarters of an hour's grace before meat, and all that kind of thing.

I even suspected him of an intention of locking up the billiard-room, and the smoke room, and all the books worth reading, and all the music that wasn't "sacred," and, in fact, of turning the place into a regular mausoleum. But he had not been in her company five minutes, when bang went all ideas of that sort.

Talk about locking the billiard-room against her! You should have seen the game she played. And sing! She sang everything. When she had made our hearts go pit-a pat, and brought the tears into our eyes, she would give us comic songs—the very latest. Where she got them from was more than we could understand; but she made us laugh till we cried—Aunt and all. She was an Admirable Crichton—honestly. I never saw a girl play a better game of tennis. She could ride like an Amazon. And walk—when I think of the walks we had together through the woods, I doing my duty towards her to the best of my ability, it all seems to have been too good a time to have happened in anything but a dream.

Do not think she was a rowdy girl, one of these "up to-daters," or fast. Quite the other way. She had read more books than I had—I am not hinting that that is saying much, but still she had. She loved books, too; and, you know, speaking quite frankly, I never was a bookish man. Talking about books, one day when we were out in the woods alone together—we nearly always were alone together!—I took it into my head to read to her. She listened for a page or two; then she interrupted me.

"Do you call that reading?" I looked at her, surprised. She held out her hand. "Now let me read to you. Give me the book."

I gave it to her. Dave, you never heard such reading. It was not only a question of elocution; it was not only a question of the music that was in her voice. She made the dry bones live. The words, as they proceeded from between her lips, became living things. I never read to her again. After that, she always read to me. She read all sorts of things. I believe she could even have vivified a leading article.

One day she had been reading to me a pen picture of a famous dancer. The writer saw the woman in some Spanish theatre. He gave an impassioned description—at least, it sounded impassioned as he read it—of how the people had followed the performer's movements with enraptured eyes and throbbing pulses, unwilling to lose the slightest gesture. When *she had done reading, putting down the* book, she stood up in front of me. I sat up to ask what she was going to do.

"I wonder," she said, "if it was anything like this—the dance which that Spanish woman danced."

She danced to me. Dave, you are my "fidus Achates," my other self, my chum, or I would not say a word to you of this I never shall forget that day. She set my veins on fire. The witch! Without music, under the greenwood tree, all in a moment, for my particular edification, she danced a dance which would have set a crowded theatre in a frenzy. While she danced, I watched her as if mesmerized; I give you my word I did not lose a gesture. When she ceased—with such a curtsy!—I sprang up and ran to her. I would have caught her in my arms; but she sprang back. She held me from her with her outstretched hand.

"Mr. Kempster!" she exclaimed. She looked up at me as demurely as you please.

"I was only going to take a kiss," I cried. "Surely a cousin may take a kiss."

"Not every cousin—if you please."

With that she walked right off, there and then, leaving me standing speechless, and as stupid as an owl.

The next morning as I was in the hall, lighting up for an after breakfast smoke, Aunt Plaskett came up to me. The good soul had trouble written all over her face. She had an open letter in her hand. She looked up at me in a way which reminded me oddly of my mother.

"Charlie," she said, "I'm so sorry."

"Aunt, if you're sorry, so am I. But what's the sorrow?"

"Mrs. Riddle's coming."

"Coming? When?"

"To-day—this morning, I am expecting her every minute."

"But I thought she was a fixture in America for the next three months."

"So I thought. But it seems that something has happened which has induced her to change her mind. She arrived in England yesterday. She writes to me to say that she will come on to us as early as possible to day. Here is the letter. Charlie, will you tell May?"

She put the question a trifle timidly, as though she were asking me to do something from which she herself would rather be excused. The fact is, we had found that Miss Riddle would talk of everything and anything, with the one exception of her mother. Speak of Mrs. Riddle, and the young lady either immediately changed the conversation, or she held her peace. Within my hearing, her mother's name had never escaped her lips.

Whether consciously or unconsciously, she had conveyed to our minds a very clear impression that, to put it mildly, between her and her mother there was no love lost. I, myself, was persuaded that, to her, the news of her mother's imminent presence would not be pleasant news. It seemed that my aunt was of the same opinion.

"Dear May ought to be told, she ought not to be taken unawares. You will find her in the morning room, I think."

I rather fancy that Aunt and Uncle Plaskett have a tendency to shift the little disagreeables of life off their own shoulders on to other people's. Anyhow, before I could point out to her that the part which she suggested I should pay was one which belonged more properly to her, Aunt Plaskett had taken advantage of my momentary hesitation to effect a strategic movement which removed her out of my sight.

I found Miss Riddle in the morning-room. She was lying on a couch, reading. *Directly I entered she saw that I had some*thing on my mind.

"What's the matter? You don't look happy."

"It may seem selfishness on my part, but I'm not quite happy. I have just heard news which, if you will excuse my saying so, has rather given me a facer."

"If I will excuse your saying so! Dear me, how ceremonious we are! Is the news public, or private, properly?"

"Who do you think is coming?"

"Coming? Where? Here?" I nodded. "I have not the most remote idea. How should I have?"

"It is some one who has something to do with you."

Until then she had been taking it uncommonly easily on the couch. When I said that, she sat up with quite a start.

"Something to do with me? Mr. Kempster! What do you mean? Who can possibly be coming here who has anything to do with me?"

"May, can't you guess?"

"Guess! How can I guess? What do you mean?"

"It's your mother."

"My—mother!"

I had expected that the thing would be rather a blow to her, but I had never expected that it would be anything like the blow it seemed. She sprang to her feet. The book fell from her hands, unnoticed, on to the floor. She stood facing me, with clenched fists and staring eyes.

"My—mother!" she repeated. "Mr. Kempster, tell me what you mean."

I told myself that Mrs. Riddle must be more, or less, of a mother even than my fancy painted her, if the mere suggestion of her coming could send her daughter into such a state of mind as this. Miss Riddle had always struck me as being about as cool a hand as you would be likely to meet. Now, all at once, she seemed to be half beside herself with agitation. As she glared at me, she made me almost feel as if I had been behaving to her like a brute.

"My aunt has only just now told me."

"Told you what?"

"That Mrs. Riddle arrived——"

She interrupted me.

"Mrs. Riddle? My mother? Well, go on!"

She stamped on the floor. I almost felt as if she had stamped on me. I went on.

"My aunt has just told me that Mrs Riddle arrived in England yesterday. She

has written this morning to say that she is coming on at once."

"But I don't understand!" She really looked as if she did not understand. "I thought—I was told that—she was going to remain abroad for months."

"It seems that she has changed her mind."

"Changed her mind!" Miss Riddle stared at me as if she thought that such a thing was inconceivable. "When did you say that she was coming?"

"Aunt tells me that she is expecting her every moment."

"Mr. Kempster, what am I to do?"

She appealed to me, with outstretched hands—actually trembling, as it seemed to me, with passion—as if I knew, or understood her either!

"I am afraid, May, that Mrs. Riddle has not been to you all that a mother ought to be. I have heard something of this before. But I did not think that it was so bad as it seems."

"You have heard? You have heard! My good sir, you don't know what you're talking about in the very least. There is one thing very certain, that I must go at once."

"Go? May!"

She moved forward. I believe she would have gone if I had not stepped between her and the door. I was beginning to feel slightly bewildered. It struck me that perhaps I had not broken the news so delicately as I might have done. I had blundered somewhere. Something must be wrong, if, after having been parted from her, for all I knew, for years, immediately on hearing of her mother's return, her first impulse was towards flight.

"Well?" she cried, looking up at me like a small, wild thing.

"My dear May, what do you mean? Where are you going? To your room?"

"To my room? No! I am going away! away! Right out of this, as quickly as I can!"

"But, after all, your mother is your mother. Surely she cannot have made herself so objectionable that, at the mere thought of her arrival, you should wish to run away from her, goodness alone knows where. So far as I understand, she has disarranged her plans, and hurried across the Atlantic, for the sole purpose of seeing you."

She looked at me in silence for a moment. As she looked, outwardly, she froze.

"Mr. Kempster, I am at a loss to understand your connection with my affairs. Still less do I understand the grounds on which you would endeavor to regulate my movements. It is true that you are a man, and I am a woman; that you are big, and I am little; but—are those the only grounds?"

"Of course, if you look at it like that——"

Shrugging my shoulders, I moved aside. As I did so, some one entered the room. Turning, I saw it was my aunt. She was closely followed by another woman.

"My dear May," said my aunt, and unless I am mistaken, her voice was trembling, "here is your mother."

The woman who was with my aunt was a tall, loosely-built person, with iron gray hair, a square, determined jaw, and eyes which looked as if they could have stared the Sphinx right out of countenance. She was holding a pair of pince-nez in position on the bridge of her nose. Through them she was fixedly regarding May. But she made no forward movement.

The rigidity of her countenance, of the cold sternness which was in her eyes, of the hard lines which were about her mouth, did not relax in the least degree. Nor did she accord her any sign of greeting. I thought that this was a comfortable way in which to meet one's daughter—and such a daughter, too!—after a lengthened separation. With a feeling of the pity of it, I turned again to May. As I did so, a sort of creepy-crawly sensation went all up my back.

The little girl really struck me as being frightened half out of her life. Her face was white and drawn; her lips were quivering; her big eyes were dilated in a manner which uncomfortably recalled a wild creature which has gone stark mad with fear.

It was a painful silence. I have no doubt that my aunt was as conscious of it as any one. I expect that she felt May's position as keenly as if it had been her own. She probably could not understand the woman's cold-bloodedness, the girl's too obvious shrinking from her mother. In what, I am afraid, was awkward, blundering fashion, she tried to smooth things over.

"May, dear, don't you see it is your mother?"

Then Mrs. Riddle spoke. She turned to my aunt.

"I don't understand you. Who is this person?"

I distinctly saw my aunt give a gasp. I knew she was trembling.

"Don't you see that it is May?"

"May? Who? This girl?"

Again Mrs. Riddle looked at the girl who was standing close beside me. Such a look! And again there was silence. I do not know what my aunt felt. But, from what I felt, I can guess. I felt as if a stroke of lightning, as it were, had suddenly laid bare an act of mine, the discovery of which would cover me with undying shame.

The discovery had come with such blinding suddenness, that, as yet, I was unable to realize all that it meant. As I looked at the girl, who seemed all at once to have become smaller even than she usually was, I was conscious that, if I did not keep myself well in hand, I was in danger of collapsing at the knees. Rather than have suffered what I suffered then, I would sooner have had a good sound thrashing any day, and half my bones well broken.

I saw the little girl's body swaying in the air. For a moment I thought that she was going to faint. But she caught herself at it just in time. As she pulled herself together, a shudder went all over her face. With her fists clenched at her sides, she stood quite still. Then she turned to my aunt.

"I am not May Riddle," she said, in a voice which was at one and the same time strained, eager, and defiant, and as unlike her ordinary voice as chalk is different from cheese. Raising her hands, she covered her face. "Oh, I wish I had never said I was!"

She burst out crying, into such wild grief that one might have been excused for fearing that she would hurt herself by the violence of her own emotion. Aunt and I were dumb. As for Mrs. Riddle—and, if you come to think of it, it was only natural—she did not seem to understand the situation in the least. Turning to my aunt, she caught her by the arm.

"Will you be so good as to tell me what is the meaning of these extraordinary proceedings?"

"My dear!" seemed to be all that my aunt could stammer in reply.

"Answer me!" I really believe that Mrs. Riddle shook my aunt. "Where is my daughter—May?"

"We thought—we were told that this was May." My aunt addressed herself to the girl, who was still sobbing as if her heart would break. "My dear, I am very sorry, but you know you gave us to understand that you were May."

Then some glimmering of the meaning of the situation did seem to dawn on Mrs. Riddle's mind. She turned to the crying girl; and a look came on her face which gave one the impression that one had suddenly lighted on the key-note of her character. It was a look of uncompromising resolution. A woman who could summon up such an expression at will ought to be a leader. She never could be led. I sincerely trust that my wife—if I ever have one—when we differ, will never look like that. If she does, I am afraid it will have to be a case of her way, not mine.

As I watched Mrs. Riddle, I was uncommonly glad she was not my mother. She went and planted herself right in front of the crying girl. And she said, quietly, but in a tone of voice the hard frigidity of which suggested the nether millstones:

"Cease that noise. Take your hands from before your face. Are you one of that class of persons who, with the will to do evil, lack the courage to face the consequences of their own misdeeds? I can assure you that, so far as I am concerned, noise is thrown away. Candor is your only hope with me. Do you hear what I say? Take your hands from before your face."

I should fancy that Mrs. Riddle's words, and still more her manner, must have cut the girl like a whip. Anyhow, she did as she was told. She took her hands from before her face. Her eyes were blurred with weeping. She still was sobbing. Big tears were rolling down her cheeks. I am bound to admit that her crying had by no means improved her personal appearance. You could see she was doing her utmost to regain her self control. And she faced Mrs. Riddle with a degree of assurance which, whether she was in the right or in the wrong, I was glad to see. That stalwart representative of the modern Women Crusaders continued to address her in the same unflattering way.

"Who are you? How comes it that I find you passing yourself off as my daughter in Mrs. Plaskett's house?"

The girl's answer took me by surprise.

"I owe you no explanation, and I shall give you none."

"You are mistaken. You owe me a very frank explanation. I promise you you shall give me one before I've done with you."

"I wish and intend to have nothing whatever to say to you. Be so good as to let me pass."

The girl's defiant attitude took Mrs. Riddle slightly aback. I was delighted. Whatever she had been crying for, it had evidently not been for want of pluck. It was plain that she had pluck enough for fifty. It did me good to see her.

"Take my advice, young woman, and do not attempt that sort of thing with me—unless, that is, you wish me to give you a short shrift, and send at once for the police."

"The police? For me? You are mad!"

For a moment Mrs. Riddle really did look a trifle mad. She went quite green. She took the girl by the shoulder roughly. I saw that the little thing was wincing beneath the pressure of her hand. That was more than I could stand.

"Excuse me, Mrs. Riddle, but—if you would not mind!"

Whether she did or did not mind, I did not wait for her to tell me. I removed her hand, with as much politeness as was possible, from where she had placed it. She looked at me, not nicely.

"Pray, sir, who are you?"

"I am Mrs. Plaskett's nephew, Charles Kempster, and very much at your service, Mrs. Riddle."

"I you are Charles Kempster? I have heard of you." I was on the point of remarking that I also had heard of her. But I refrained. "Be so good, young man, as not to interfere."

I bowed. The girl spoke to me.

"I am very much obliged to you, Mr. Kempster." She turned to my aunt. One could see that every moment she was becoming more her cool, self again. "Mrs. Plaskett, it is to you I owe an explanation. I am ready to give you one when and where you please. Now, if it is your pleasure."

My aunt was rubbing her hands together in a feeble, purposeless, undecided sort of way. Unless I err, she was crying, for a change. With the exception of my uncle, I should say that my aunt was the most peace-loving soul on earth.

"Well, my dear, I don't wish to say anything to pain you—as you must know!—but if you can explain, I wish you would. We have grown very fond of you, your uncle and I."

It was not a very bright speech of my aunt's, but it seemed to please the person for whom it was intended immensely. She ran to her, she took hold of both her hands, she kissed her on either cheek.

"You dear darling! I've been a perfect wretch to you, but not such a villain as your fancy paints me. I'll tell you all about it—now." Clasping her hands behind her back, she looked my aunt demurely in the face. But in spite of her demureness, I could see that she was full of mischief to the finger-tips. "You must know that I am Daisy Hardy. I am the daughter of Francis Hardy, of the Corinthian Theatre."

Directly the words had passed her lips, I knew her. You remember how often we saw her in "The Penniless Pilgrim?" And how good she was? And how we fell in love with her, the pair of us? All along, something about her, now and then, had filled me with a sort of overwhelming conviction that I must have seen her somewhere before. What an ass I had been! But then to think of her—well, modesty—in passing herself off as Mrs. Riddle's daughter. As for Mrs. Riddle, she received the young lady's confession with what she possibly intended for an air of crushing disdain.

"An actress!" she exclaimed.

She switched her skirts on one side, with the apparent intention of preventing their coming into contact with iniquity. Miss Hardy paid no heed.

"May Riddle is a very dear friend of mine."

"I don't believe it," cried Mrs. Riddle, with what, to say the least of it, was perfect frankness. Still Miss Hardy paid no heed.

"It is the dearest wish of her life to become an actress."

"It's a lie!"

This time Miss Hardy did pay heed. She faced the frankly speaking lady.

"It is no lie, as you are quite aware. You know very well that, ever since she was a child, it has been her continual dream."

"It was nothing but a childish craze."

Miss Hardy shrugged her shoulders.

"Mrs. Riddle uses her own phraseology; I use mine. I can only say that May has often told me that, when she was but a tiny thing, her mother used to whip her for playing at being an actress. She used to try and make her promise that she would never go inside a theatre, and when she refused, she used to beat her cruelly. As she grew older, her mother used to lock her in her bedroom, and keep her without food for days and days——"

"Hold your tongue, girl! Who are you that you should comment on my dealings with my child? A young girl, who, by her own confession, has already become a painted thing, and who seems to glory in her shame, is a creature with whom I can own no common womanhood. Again, I insist upon your telling me, without any attempt at rhodomontade, how it is that I find a creature such as you posing as my child."

The girl vouchsafed her no direct reply. She looked at her with a curious scorn, which I fancy Mrs. Riddle did not altogether relish. Then she turned again to my aunt.

"Mrs. Plaskett, it is as I tell you. All her life May has wished to be an actress. As she has grown older her wish has strengthened. You see, all my people have been actors and actresses. I, myself, love acting. You could hardly expect me, in such a matter, to be against my friend. And then—there was my brother."

She paused. Her face became more mischievous; and, unless I am mistaken, Mrs. Riddle's face grew blacker. But she let the girl go on.

"Claud believed in her. He was even more upon her side than I was. He saw her act in some private theatricals——"

Then Mrs. Riddle did strike in.

"My daughter never acted, either in public or in private, in her life. Girl, how dare you tell lie upon lie?"

Miss Hardy gave her look for look. One felt that the woman knew that the girl was speaking the truth, although she might not choose to own it.

"May did many things of which her mother had no knowledge. How could it be otherwise? When a mother makes it her business to repress at any cost the reasonable desires which are bound up in her daughter's very being, she must expect to be deceived. As I say, my brother Claud saw her act in some private theatricals. And he was persuaded that, for once in a way, hers was not a case of a person mistaking the desire to be for the power to be, because she was an actress born. Then things came to a climax. May wrote to me to say that she was leaving college; that her mother was in America; and that so far as her ever becoming an actress was concerned, so far as she could judge, it was a case of now or never. I showed her letter to Claud. He at once declared that it should be a case of now. A new play was coming out, in which he was to act, and in which, he said, there was a part which would fit May like a glove. It was not a large part; still, there it was. If she chose, he would see she had it. I wrote and told her what Claud said. She jumped for joy—through the post, you understand. Then they began to draw me in. Until her mother's return, May was to have gone, for safe keeping, to one of her mother's particular friends. If she had gone, the thing would have been hopeless. But, at the last moment, the plan fell through. It was arranged, instead, that she should go to her aunt—to you, Mrs. Plaskett. You had not seen her since her childhood; you had no notion of what she looked like. I really do not know from whom the suggestion came, but it was suggested that I should come to you, pretending to be her. And I was to keep on pretending, till the Rubicon was passed and the play produced. If she once succeeded in gaining footing on the stage, though it might be never so slight a one, May declared that wild horses should not drag her back again. And I knew her well enough to be aware that, when she said a thing, she meant exactly what she said. Mrs. Plaskett, I should have made you this confession of my own initiative next week. Indeed, May would have come and told you the tale herself, if Mrs. Riddle had not returned all these months before any one expected her. Because, as it happens, the play was produced last night——"

Mrs. Riddle had been listening, with a face as black as a thunder-cloud. Here she again laid her hand upon Miss Hardy's shoulder.

"Where? Tell me! I will save her, though, to do so, I have to drag her through the streets."

Miss Hardy turned to her with a smile.

"May does not need saving, she already has attained salvation. I hear, not only that the play was a great success, but that May's part, as she acted it, was the success of the play. As for dragging her through the streets, you know that you are talking nonsense. She is of an age to do as she pleases. You have no more power to put constraint upon her, than you have to put constraint upon me."

All at once Miss Hardy let herself go, as it were.

"Mrs. Riddle, you have spent a large part of your life in libelling all that I hold dearest: you will now be taught of how great a libel you have been guilty. You will learn from the example of your daughter's own life, that women can, and do, live as pure and as decent lives upon one sort of stage, as are lived, upon another sort of stage, by 'Women Crusaders.'"

She swept the infuriated Mrs. Riddle such a curtsy. . . . well, there's the story for you, Dave. There was, I believe, a lot more talking. And some of it, I dare say, approached to highfaluting. But I had had enough of it, and went outside. Miss Hardy insisted on leaving the house that very day. As I felt that I might not be wanted, I also left. We went up to town together in the same carriage. We had it to ourselves. And that night I saw May Riddle, the real May Riddle. I don't mind telling you in private, that she is acting in that new thing of Pettigrewe's, "The Flying Folly," under the name of Miss Lyndhurst. She only has a small part; but, as Miss Hardy declares her brother said of her, she plays it like an actress born. I should not be surprised if she becomes all the rage before long.

One could not help feeling sorry for Mrs. Riddle, in a kind of way. I dare say she feels pretty bad about it all, But then she only has herself to blame. When a mother and her daughter pull different ways, the odds are that, in the end, youth will prevail. Especially when the daughter has as much resolution as the mother.

As for Daisy Hardy, I believe she is going to the Plasketts again next week. If she does I have half a mind——though I know she will only laugh at me, if I do go. I don't care. Between you and me, *I don't* believe she's half so wedded to the stage as she pretends she is.

MANNERS OF GREAT MEN.

ALFRED THE GREAT said, "A king can afford to be polite."

Gibbons was very pompous and full of his own importance.

Justinian inculcated politedness on every offical of the empire.

Count de Lesseps was the type of the French gentleman.

Goldsmith was ill-bred and too much inclined to talk about himself.

Calhoun was so absent minded that he often forgot he was in company.

Monroe was, even in his own time, called "A gentleman of the old school."

Bancroft was rather reserved than otherwise with most persons whom he met.

Garrick was generally so quiet that he often created the impression of diffidence.

Henry Clay was said to make the most engaging bow of any gentleman of his time.

Dante was solitary in his habits, and by his austerity chilled most of those whom he met.

Milton was quiet and reserved in conversation, but thoroughly refined and well bred.

Pius IX., both before and after his elevation to the pontifical chair, was a model of studied politeness.

Mohammed inculcated politeness in the Koran. He himself was one of the most courteous of men.

Andrew Jackson was rough in his manners, but could be polite when he pleased. He was always courteous to ladies.

The Duke of Marlborough said that he owed his success as much to his elegant deportment as to his talents.

Byron was affable to his equals and to those whom he wished to please, but haughty and distant to most others.

Robespierre was urbane in manner, and courteous, though brief, to those who approached him on business.

Beethoven was rude and gruff, and seemed to be in a perpetual bad humor with himself and every one else.

Talleyrand owed his success in life to no small extent to the uniform courtesy with which he treated every one.

Haydn was the personification of courtesy. He once said:—"It does not pay to be impolite, even to a dog."

The elder Pitt was extremely rough in addressing those with whom he came in contact, and so made many enemies.

Coleridge was so absent minded that he often passed his most intimate friends in the street without recognizing them.

Schumann was gloomy and moody. He often responded to a question without turning his head to look at the questioner.

General Greene had the reputation of being the most polite man in the Revolutionary army during the war for independence.

Goethe's manners were simple and unaffected. He greeted all men as his equals, and delighted every one whom he met.

Henry VIII. ate with his fingers, and when hungry would take up his victuals and swallow it in handfuls at a time.

Louis the Great paid such attention to his manners that he took a dancing lesson every day but Sunday for twenty-three years.

Alexander Dumas was gruff to most persons, but when he felt in a good humor could be as polite as a dancing master.

Chesterfield was so graceful that one of his contemporaries said it was worth a journey across England to see him bow.

Mozart was accustomed to good society all his life, and had pleasing manners and address. He charmed every one he met.

John Adams was so reserved that he generally gave the impression that he was suspicious of those with whom he was talking.

The Earl of Beaconsfield was not an agreeable companion. He had a sneering way of speaking that, to many persons, was offensive.

Raleigh's courtesy in throwing his cloak in the mud for Queen Elizabeth to step on was characteristic of his usual behavior toward ladies.

Horace Mann made it a point to be courteous to children, as he once said, "The man will by and by remember the affront shown to the boy."

. Walter Scott was almost too polite. His unwillingness to disoblige others, even in small matters, often caused him great inconvenience.

Daniel Webster was lofty and dignified. His abstraction sometimes created the impression of incivility where no discourtesy was intended.

Julius Cæsar owed his death to an incivility. He neglected to rise when the Senate showed him some honors, and the rudeness was resented.

Bulwer-Lytton made a poor impression in society. He was haughty and reserved, and seemed to take little interest in anything he saw or heard.

Victor Hugo was considerate of the feelings of others. Whenever it was possible, he always received even strangers who came to pay their respects.

John Wesley had the good manners of a gentleman of his time, but never made the least pretence to elegance either of behavior or of conversation.

The Duke of Wellington was haughty, cold and repellant. He never showed the slightest sympathy for the condition of the lower classes of the people.

Gladstone is polite to everybody. At his country home he knows every one in the vicinity, and has a kindly word for even the poorest farm laborer.

Dr. Johnson's table manners were bad. He ate with all his might of whatever was handy, never waiting to see whether others had been served or not.

Handel was gruff and often uncivil. He could be pleasant when he pleased, but did not often please, for, as he once sententiously observed, "Vot's the use?"

James II. of England was rude and snobbish. The courtiers generally detested him on account of the petty affronts to which they were continually subjected.

Peter the Great was an unspeakable boor. When at table, if a dish displeased him, he threw it on the floor, or sometimes at the head of one of the attendants.

Madison made it a point to touch his hat to every one who bowed to him, and the front part of his hat brim was always worn threadbare in consequence of this punctiliousness.

George III. so far from being the ferocious tyrant described in the Declaration of Independence was as gentle as a child to all with whom he came in contact.

William Penn's formal but kindly politeness impressed even the Indians with whom he dealt. One of the names given him by them was "The Good Big Chief."

Tennyson was so continually pestered by strangers who sought a glimpse of him or to have a word with him that he gave people the impression of being exceedingly uncivil.

The younger Pitt was short in his answers, but his brusqueness was generally only haste in the despatch of business that, but for this brevity, must have gone undone.

George Washington had a stately courtesy, inclined to pomposity, that kept every one at a distance. He always wanted it clearly understood that he was the Father of his Country.

Cromwell, in spite of the position which he attained, never departed from the simplicity of life of an English country gentleman. In conversation he was quiet and unassuming.

Archbishop Whately was so absent minded when in company that he sometimes made most outrageous blunders of behavior without being in the least conscious of what he was doing.

Thomas Jefferson had the dignified bearing of an old time gentleman. In his manner he was generally cold, but with friends would unbend his dignity and be as sociable as any one could desire.

Wagner was not a pleasant companion. His egotism was so prominent a feature of his character that his conversation ran almost exclusively on himself and his various projects, and the least contradiction made him angry.

Frederick the Great could be a Chesterfield when he tried. He did not always try, however, and though not so much addicted to kicking the shins of his courtiers as his father was, he was far from being a thoroughly agreeable companion.

Liszt was one of the kindest of men. He was always ready to oblige young musical artists, and when they played before him frequently gave them valuable points in regard to the manner in which the composition should have been rendered.

Oliver Wendell Holmes was one of the most urbane of men. It was generally known that he liked to receive copies of new books in the line of fiction or general literature, and when such were sent to him he generally acknowledged the receipt with an autograph letter.

ROMANCING ABOUT THE MOON.—The novelists will not let "the young moon" or the "crescent moon" alone, and three times out of four they contrive to get it in the wrong place. How to explain the conviction that haunts the minds of so many of them that the crescent moon may be seen almost any fine evening rising gracefully in the East is altogether beyond us. The point seems to be one for psychologists. Here is a thing that never was seen since the world began, and yet a number of otherwise sane gentlemen are firmly persuaded that it is a regularly recurring natural phenomenon.

Surely the philosophy of this hallucination deserves investigation. The last case that has come under our notice is a well-written story called "A Comedy of Masks," by Ernest Dawson and Arthur Moore. Two friends are sitting out one summer evening looking over the Thames, and, the story goes on, "By this time the young moon had risen, and its cold light shimmered over the misty river." A novelist need not be an astronomer, but he should at least try to draw from nature, and should not pretend to have seen the young moon rising at the hour when it was being packed off to bed.

Some day perhaps a little acquaintance at first hand with the broadest facts of nature will be thought a requisite for writing a good novel, but the time is not yet. Meantime, if our novelists would try to bear in mind that the young moon, like other young things, goes to bed early, that nature does not trust it out late at night, they might get into the way of seeing it at the right time and in the right place, and not treat us to "cold shimmers" that are only moonshines in the least favorable sense of the term.

A singular blunder occurs in an article entitled "Notes from a Marine Biological Laboratory," written by a man of science and a college professor and printed in a recent number of a New York magazine. It reads as follows: "It was a beautifully clear and starry night when we sailed into the Windward Passage. The gray mountains of Cuba outlined against the northern horizon were slowly fading from view, where the crescent moon rose out of the waves in the east."

MISS X.: "I'm going to send this item about our 5 o'clock tea to the Weekly Gossiper." Miss Y.: "They won't take it. You've written on both sides of the paper." Miss X.: "Dear me, I don't see why they need be so stiff about it. They print on both sides of their own paper, don't they?"

Bric-a-Brac.

THE KILT.—The Icelandic Sagas contain the earliest allusion to the distinctive character of the Highland dress. They relate how Magnus Olafson, King of Norway, and his followers, when they returned from ravaging the west coast of Scotland, went about bare-legged, having short kirtles and upper wraps, and so men called him "Bare-legs." This was in 1093.

THE SPIDER'S WEB.—The spider is so well supplied with the silky thread with which it makes its web that an experimenter once drew out of the body of a single specimen 3480 yards of the thread—a length but little short of two miles. A fabric woven of spider's thread is more glossy than that from the silkworm's produce, and is of a beautiful golden color.

IT NEEDS SOME KILLING.—The creature most tenacious of life is the common sea polyp. If one be cut in two, two creatures are the result. One may be slit into half-a-dozen sections, making as many animals. They may be turned inside out, when they apparently enjoy themselves just as well as before; if two be divided and placed end to end, the result will be a monster having a head at each extremity.

HANDED DOWN.—It is the custom for the Pima Indians of North America to select several promising youths of their tribe from time to time for repositories of their traditions, and they are carefully instructed in the historical legends pertaining to their tribe, being required to commit them faithfully to memory. They in turn instruct their successors, and thus preserve the traditions in the exact language recited by their ancestors of many years ago.

CASTLE, HOME AND YACHT.—Of the spider family who have a liking for living in or near a piece of water, one of the most remarkable members is that known as the "raft spider." This creature constructs an odd little raft of leaves and sticks, held together by the silken threads which all spiders use. On this raft the spider sails about, not stopping in any one place, but steering his little boat wherever the fancy takes him. His food consists of small insects, which he finds in the water around him. He is said to be able to run upon the water as well as sail upon it, so altogether he is quite an accomplished creature.

BY MEANS OF THE DRUM.—Of all queer forms of language perhaps that used by the natives of the Cameroons is the queerest. It is what may be called the drum language. For this purpose a peculiarly shaped drum is used. The surface of the head is divided into two unequal parts. In this way the instrument is made to yield two distinct notes. By varying the intervals between the notes a complete code of signals for every syllable in the language is produced. All the natives understand the code, and by means of it messages can be sent quickly from one village to another. The drummer in one village sends on to the next the signals which he hears, and so on until the message is delivered.

A TREE ON EVERY GRAVE.—In the land of the Moslem, the country of the followers of Mohammed, a Moslem grave, when once it has been filled in, is never to be reopened on any account. With a view to remove the faintest chance of any grave being thus defiled, the Moslems plant a cypress-tree on every grave immediately after the interment, which makes the Moslem cemeteries resemble forests. Turkey is the only portion of Europe occupied in force by Moslems, but they abound in many parts of Asia. In the island of Timor burials are much delayed, owing to the necessity of gathering funds for the burial-feast, which in most cases means ruin to the family. After the feast comes the burial. As soon as the gave is filled in, a young palm is planted upon it.

THE ORIGIN OF A PHRASE.—Phrases and slang terms are frequently born of interesting episodes, as witness the following:—Peter the Great, while off driving in the neighborhood of Moscow on one occasion, was seized with the pangs of hunger. "What have we in the hamper?" he asked of his aide. "There is but one candle left, your Majesty," replied the aide; "but I think I can exchange it for a fowl at the next farmhouse, if you wish." "Do so," replied the Czar; "for I am famished, and do not care for a light luncheon." The aide laughed, and, as he had surmised, managed the exchange; but the bird was found to be unusually tough. "I do not think, Vosky," said the Emperor, later—"I do not think the game was worth the candle."

PAST GIFTS.

BY A. C. S.

No, keep my gifts. Why drag again
The old dream from its grave,
To pain a soul already wrecked
By sorrow's fierce death-wave?

I gave them those when life and heart
Had known not one regret;
Why send them here to wake a strain
'Twere better to forget?

Then take them back! Torture me not
With things that mock my grief.
Recalling that which "might have been,"
Can never bring relief.

LOVED AND LOST.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "PENKIVEL," "OLIVE VARCOE," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XVIII—(CONTINUED).

THE sun was shining brightly as the well appointed brougham stopped at No. 2, and three or four girls, who were playing hop-scotch on the pavement, stared and blinked at the beautiful, pale faced lady in the rich mourning as she stepped out of the carriage and glanced round with aristocratic weariness and disdain.

"Does a person named Grey live here?" she asked of the gaping girls.

One of them nudged another, and Sarah, the nudged one, came forward shyly.

"Is it Mr. Grey you want, mum?" she asked, setting her battered hat straight, and hiding her grimy hands behind her. "Because he gorn——"

"I want Miss Grey," said Felicia.

It was on the tip of Sarah's tongue to say that Miss Grey had "gorn" also; but she was loth to part with this grand lady so quickly, so she said instead—

"Won't you come in, mum?"

Felicia followed her into the little sitting-room. Sarah had kept it neat and clean, for she did not know that Miss Nance—or, for the matter of that, Mr. Grey himself—might not come back at any moment; besides, she held Bernard in awe, *and he had told her to keep* "everything as it was."

Felicia looked round her listlessly; even at that moment she was thinking of Bernard.

"Miss Grey ain't at home," said Sarah, soothing her hair, and assuming, as well as she knew how, the manners of a "regular servant."

"Very well," said Felicia; "give her this." She put the bill and some money on the table. "And tell her when she comes in I have some work for her.."

"Yes, mum," said Sarah, "though I don't know when she'll come back. You see the gentleman didn't say. He said as how Mr. Grey might come; but somehow I don't think either of them will. They don't generally when they're in trouble," she added, with the shrewdness born of familiarity with the seamy side of life.

"Who is in trouble? Miss Grey?" asked Felicia, absently.

"No, ma'am, Mr. Grey, her father. He got into trouble himbezzling——"

Sarah was justly proud of the word and repeated it, "Himbezzling some money of his master's; I heard about it"—"through the keyhoole," she was about to add, but stopped and sniffed. "Miss Grey went off the same day—she and Mr. Bernard."

The name smote on Felicia's ears dully. It seemed to her as if she herself had spoken it from the persistence of her thoughts of him.

"Mr. Bernard, he was a regular good friend," said Sarah, "and he says to me, 'I'll take care of Miss Nance, Sarah, and you keep the place tidy and as it is till Mr. Grey comes back;' but I don't think as he thought Mr. Grey ever would, or he wouldn't er took Miss Nance away, would he mum, it stands to reason? A regular nice gentleman, Mr. Bernard is, though he is a swell," she ran on, seeing with delight that her story was beginning to interest this grand lady; for the expression of Felicia's face had suddenly changed from apathy to half fearful alertness.

"Mr. Bernard?" she said with assumed indifference; "Is that the name of the gentleman Miss Grey has gone with? What is he like?"

Sarah, her delight and satisfaction growing mountains high, dusted a chair and drew it forward. "Won't you sit down, mum?" Felicia declined with a movement of her hand. "Oh, well, mum, he's just a gentleman. He's got dark eyes and short wavy hair, and 'e drives a dog-cart with yellow wheels an' a bright reddish horse."

Felicia sank into the chair and stared straight before her. She had recognized the rough description of the cart and the chestnut, Becky.

"When did Miss Grey go away with him?" she asked with so singular a catch in her voice that Sarah looked at her sharply.

"Lemme see," she said, putting her head on one side and half closing her eyes. "It's better nor a month ago, mum. I could tell by the rent book, which I pays regular every week with the money Mr. Bernard sends me."

The time and the name agreed. Felicia's heart beat quickly, her color came and went.

"Were they—married?" she asked, and her breath seemed to cease while she waited for the answer.

Sarah shook her head doubtfully.

"They wasn't married afore they left," she said, positively; "'cause I heard him ask her to be his wife, an' she said, 'No, never!'" And Sarah, with a good deal of histrionic ability, gave a fair imitation of Nance's voice and manner.

The blood rushed to Felicia's face, and her eyes closed. The whole thing was overwhelming. The wild hope that Sarah's words caused to spring up in her bosom nearly choked her.

"But, o' course, they might be since," said Sarah. "They was very fond o' one another. Anyone could see that, the way they spoke and looked," she added, with the precocious shrewdness of her class and sex. "I shouldn't be surprised if they was. Though," she added, naively, "gentlemen like Mr. Bernard don't gen'rally marry people like Miss Grey, do they, mum? There was Polly Brown as went off with——"

Felicia pointed a trembling finger at the bill.

"There is some change," she said, almost inaudibly.

"Yes, mum," said Sarah, all the woman of business in a moment. "Seven and six, isn't it? I'll just run in next door an' get it, if you won't mind waitin', mum?"

She caught up the bill and the money and ran out, and Felicia sank back and wiped the beads of perspiration from her forehead.

Could she be dreaming? That she should have come there that morning was like an incident in a modern novel; too unreal, too coincidental to be true. No, no! it was not true! There were other Bernards than Bernard Yorke, more dog-carts with yellow wheels than his.

She sighed deeply, and looked round the little room wearily. Bernard had taken away nearly all Nance's nick-nacks—the work table, the pictures, and the books; but not all the books, for Sarah had smuggled one of them away for her own delectation, and, having read it, had placed it on the otherwise empty sheif.

It caught Felicia's eye, and her gaze settled on it. It seemed familiar to her. She rose and took it from the sheif, then it fell from her hands and she gasped as if she were choking. The book was her own, one she had lent to Bernard!

She stood staring down at it as it lay on the floor as if it had been a serpent which stung her, as indeed it had, to the heart. Her book! He had given it to this—this girl. It was true then, the man, who had taken the girl away, was Bernard Yorke! She went to the window and leant against the side, trembling and shaking under the stress of conflicting emotions.

He had left her for a common workgirl! She tried to recall Nance's face, and, though she had scarcely seen her the night Nance had arranged the lace on her dress, she remembered that she was pretty, and had auburn hair and sad-looking eyes.

Left her for a girl of that class! Then the question rose in her mind, the burning question—had he married her? Lord Stoyle had said that he had seen the entry of the marriage in the register; but Lord Stoyle might have lied. He was quite capable of doing so.

And why should Bernard marry her. She knew how lightly men of his class regarded the honor of women, even of their own rank; was it likely that he would stop to consider one in this girl's position?

Her heart beat fast; the hope grew and swelled in her bosom; her eyes glowed. If he were not married, then—then? She stretched out her hands with a sigh that seemed to come from her burning heart; and the sigh was a prayer, the first prayer that she had breathed since she knelt at her mother's knee.

"Give him back to me! Give him back to me!"

Sarah ran in panting.

"Ere's the change, mum. I've been gone longer than I thought. I 'ad to go to the public."

Felicia drew her veil over her white, working face.

"You may keep the change," she said. "And you need not tell Miss Grey, or—or Mr. Bernard that I called."

"Yes, mum," said Sarah. "And what name?" she added naively.

"Well, yes; tell her that Miss Damerel's dressmaker called to pay the bill," said Felicia. "Do you know where Miss Grey is living?"

"No, mum," said Sarah, a trifle less respectfully; for beautiful as she may be and handsomely dressed, Sarah knew a dressmaker is not a grand lady, notwithstanding that she may come in a swell brougham. "No, Mr. Bernard didn't say."

"And Mr. Grey, you said, is in prison?" Felicia remarked as she moved towards the door.

"No, they didn't take him, though they come for him," said Sarah. "Mr. Bernard paid the money what 'e'd stole, and they kind of promised not to go after him. 'E was a bad lot, was Mr. Grey, mum, and not a bit like Miss Nance, who was a perfect lady. You ain't give me no address yet, mum."

"Never mind," said Felicia. "It is of no use, as Miss Grey has gone away. I will call again."

She still trembled so violently that she could scarcely walk to the brougham, in which she sank back half fainting.

CHAPTER XIX.

BERNARD caught his train, after leaving Felicia on the preceding night, and, as was only natural, thought of her a great deal on the journey down.

He could not help knowing that she loved him, and, now that he knew what love meant, he felt sorry for her. She was rich. He hoped that she would forget him, and that she would marry some good fellow, and not Lord Stoyle.

His face clouded as he thought of that gentleman, and he wished that he had spoken a word of warning to her. He ought to have done so—ought to have put her on her guard against the fellow.

He was glad she was rich; but though he understood his father's reference to her in his letters, not for one moment did his allegiance to Nance waver. How should it do so when he loved her so passionately, so devotedly? His dear, sweet Nance!

She was waiting for him at the gate—she had heard the train go by—and as she lifted her face to his, he fancied that she looked rather pale, that there was a touch of sadness in her lovely eyes.

"If you want to make me the happiest and most concealed of men, just tell me you have missed me, Nance," he said, as he put his arm round her, and led her into the sitting-room.

"I'll risk it," she said with a smile that had risen before him so many times that day. "Yes, Cyril, I have missed you."

"I am glad of it," he said. "You won't be in such a hurry to send me away another time. Dinner ready? I won't be long. I wonder whether Robson would believe that I can dress in less than ten minutes."

"Who is Robson?" she asked.

"Oh, Robson's my man, my valet," he said, as he went out of the door.

Nance checked a sigh. How little she knew of his life, even the commonplace details!

He was not much longer than the boasted time, and came down with a happy, contented smile on his handsome face—the look a woman loves to see on the face of the man she loves when she has called it there.

"You don't ask me where I have been, and what I have been doing, Nance," he said, as he lit his after-dinner cigar, and she sank into her accustomed place at his knee.

"No," she said, quietly.

"And they say curiosity is the failing of your sex! Well, I'll tell you. I went for my letters, then I lunched at the club. You see what an obedient husband you've got." At the word "husband" the hand that rested on his knee slid down, and she averted her face. Man-like, he did not notice the movement. "Then I went and made a few purchases. Would you like to see them? There are some books; we'll open the parcel directly. And one or two little things caught my fancy, and so I was vain enough to think you'd like them."

He took the bracelet and the rings from his pocket, and dropped them in her lap.

A little cry of surprise and pleasure rose from her lips.

"Oh, why did you buy them?" she said, looking up at him.

He took her face in his hands, and kissed her passionately.

"They are too good, too expensive. A bunch of flowers——"

"I said so!" he exclaimed, triumphantly. "As if anything could be too good for you, my darling! Let me have the pleasure of putting them on. Hold up your arm."

She held up the nearest to him, her left, and he dropped the rings on her fingers, and fastened the bracelet round the white-shaped arm. He did not notice that the wedding-ring was not in its place; did not notice that, with a sudden flush, followed by as sudden a paleness, she drew her hand away from him.

"And now tell me what you have been doing all day, Nance? I've given you an account of my adventures."

He had not said a word of Felicia Damerel.

"Now, then, I'll wager I know. You have been for a walk, and the rest of the time you have been at your beloved books. I say, I hope you will like the ones I've bought. You ought to have given me a list."

He stopped, struck by her silence and the somewhat sad gravity of her face.

"What is the matter, Nance? Has anything happened to—to upset you?"

She still looked straight before her, but her hand stole on to his knee.

"A lady has been here this afternoon, Cyril," she said in a low voice; "the clergyman's wife."

"Con-found!" he said, below his breath.

"What did she want? A morning call, I suppose. Dash it, why can't they leave us alone! Did you say you were out, Nance? That's the thing to do."

"But I wasn't out. I had just come in," she said innocently.

"But—well, never mind; though, another time, you can say you are 'not at home;' it means—oh, you know—that you don't want to see anyone."

"I did not want to see her," she said; "but she had come in, and—and—she stopped."

"Well," he said, frowning slightly. He might have known that some one of the people would call; but he had not given the matter a thought.

"She was very kind," said Nance, in the same low voice. "She stayed and *had* some tea; Mrs. Johnson brought it in."

"And what did she talk about—the usual thing, I suppose? And, of course, she asked for a subscription. Parson's wives always do, don't they?"

"I don't know," she said, "it was the first I've seen. She talked most about—"

She paused.

"Go on, dearest."

"About some young people who came to the village, and who, she thought, were married; and how people had called upon them and—and——" Her voice died away.

He bent down and kissed her tenderly, remorsefully.

"I see, Nance," he said, "my dearest, my dear, good darling! And that is what is the matter, Nance? What can I say, except that I would give my life to spare you a moment's unhappiness! Oh! Nance, Nance!"

She knelt beside him and his face on his breast.

"Nance," he whispered, that woman's chatter has hurt you! What shall I say, what shall I do? Nance, listen! It is not too late. Let me marry you—be my wife in real earnest."

She drew away from him and looked into his eyes, bravely, through a mist of unshed tears.

"Ah, I wish I had not told you!" she murmured. "But—but I had to. I want to know what to do if they come again."

"Do as I ask you," he said tenderly, imploringly. "Be my wife, Nance."

"No," she said, "not that. If—if there is any shame and disgrace now, it is mine, only mine. And it shall always be mine."

He sighed and said no more, but mentally he vowed that her sacrifice should end. As he smoothed the beautiful hair from her forehead and kissed it, he resolved that he would go to his father and get a release from his promise. He would marry his darling. They would go away out of England for a time, and come back man and wife. No one would know.

It almost seemed as if she read his thoughts, for as she rose she whispered—

"Never, Cyril, never!"

Then, with all a woman's self-command, she put the sadness away, hid it out of sight, and with a capital imitation of Mrs. Johnson, called the laughter to his lips.

But the resolve, silently made, remained with him, and all the next day he was thoughtful and preoccupied. He was won-

dering what his father would say. Should he tell him? No, he could not. Time enough when he brought Nance back from the Continent. His father, he told himself, had only to see her, to know her for half-an-hour to love her. He smiled as he thought how quickly the susceptible old man would give his heart to beautiful, sweet-natured Nance. He was very gentle and tender with her that day. It seemed as if he sought to express his love for her by touch, gesture, accent, and Nance's happiness knew no abatement. The slight cloud caused by the visit of the clergyman's wife was dispelled.

On the morrow he said almost suddenly.

"Nance, I am going up to London. I may be away for a couple of days, not longer."

"I am glad—yes, glad! Did I not say you were to go? And you shall stay as long as you like, Cyril."

"Two days," he said confidently.

He had calculated how long it would take him to run down to Sparshire and back.

"I won't tell you what I am going about."

She smiled. She knew that he would tell her when he came back.

And she still smiled with loving confidence as he held her in his arms and said good-bye. But there was no smile on his face—for had he not serious business before him? The recalling of that promise, the arrangements for their marriage.

The morning was a wet one; almost the first they had had since they left London together, and Bernard felt in strangely low-spirits.

"Don't see anyone if they call," he said, "and don't be downhearted, Nance. I shan't mind if you don't miss me this time."

"Very well," she said. "But you are not to hurry back. I like to think that I am not a tie upon you, that you are free——"

He frowned slightly.

"If I am not back in two days I give you leave to think the worst," he said, forcing a smile.

He still held her in his arms, though the stableman who had brought Becky from the inn looked at his watch suggestively.

"You will lose the train," Nance said. "I can see George outside looking at his watch and fidgeting."

"All right," said Bernard. "Mind, Nance, two days! If I am got back then—well, you may consider that I'm dead, or worse, if there is a worse.

His gravity lent significance to his words, and she shuddered.

"Ah, do not say that!" she murmured, and she laid her face against his cheek. "What should I do if—if——"

"If I were not to come back?" he finished for her. "I wonder what you would do, Nance. You would be awfully cut up for—for how long?"

She clung to him, and looked up at him with a tender reproach.

"Go, dearest, or you will lose the train."

He strained her to him as if he were reluctant to loose her.

"Good-bye, Nance," he said. "I—I—— Dash it, I hate going this morning! I don't know why——"

"I hope I do," she whispered.

"Yes!" he said. "That's it. But—but I must go. It's a question of honor, Nance."

She scarcely noticed the words, then. They came back to her afterwards.

She felt no presentiment. Her love was, of the kind, perfect; and it cast out fear.

She took his hands and unwound them from her.

"One would think you were going for ever," she added, forcing a smile with some difficulty, for his earnestness and gravity were infecting her.

"Would you mind much, Nance?" he said.

She laughed softly, hiding the pang which his question caused her.

"Perhaps—for a day or two!" she said.

"That's what they say in the novels," he said. "I wonder whether it would be like that with you. No, no! Forgive me, Nance! One more kiss—the last!"

Ominous words! She put up her fresh, sweet lips to his, and he kissed her passionately; then, as if desperately, ran down the path to the dog-cart.

Nance watched it until it disappeared in the soft, rainy mist; then got a book, and curled in the window seat, tried to read. But it was a failure. She could only think of him; and, against her will, the question arose: "Why had he gone; and where?"

The day passed, and the next. Words cannot describe the slowness of the dragging hours. How then shall one set down the state of her mind when the fourth day owned without his presence?

He had said two days, and this was the th.

She tried to smile, to sing, to eat, to sleep; but she could do none of these things. Each night, about the time the train was due, she waited for him dressed in the frock he liked best, with a loving smile ready for him, with tender words of welcome trembling on her lips.

Her whole being ached for him. She could not rest in any one place for more than five minutes at a time. Mrs. Johnson prepared the daintiest little meals in vain, and grew anxious, in a motherly fashion, for the beautiful girl who spent the hours sitting by the window or pacing up and down the gravel path between the door and the gate, with sadly wistful and expectant eyes.

"You'll be ill, ma'am, if you don't eat," she said, on the fifth day, when the dinner went out untouched. "You'll be ill, for a surety; and then what will Mr. Bernard say when he comes back? Try and eat, for my sake, ma'am, if not for your own; for he'll blame me for sure!"

"I am all right," said Nance, forcing a smile into her pale face. "I am quite well. I am a little anxious; that is all. When is the next train?"

The fifth day passed and no Bernard and no message from him. As she sat in the window, her hands clasped in her lap, Nance recalled his hasty words. "If I am not back in two days think I am dead—or worse!" Dead! The word sent the blood back to her heart. Oh, where was he? Why had he not written? Just one word—she only asked for one word!

Then on this, the afternoon of the sixth day, she took herself to task. Was this the way a woman who loved and trusted should behave? She had told him to stay as long as he liked; and, because he had taken her at her word, she was fretting and fuming like a spoilt child.

She would go out: would go for a long walk, and woo back the lost color to her cheeks, the faded light to her eyes; so that when he came back—as he would do to-night—yes, surely he would come to-night! he should find the same happy, contented Nance waiting for him!

She dressed herself slowly—suspense, anxiety weakens one as much as scarlet fever—and went down the gravel path.

As her hand sought the latch of the little gate, a lady came down the lane, looked at the cottage, and then stopped in front of Nance.

"Is this Myrtle Cottage?" she asked.

Nance looked at her, at the graceful figure clad in fashionable mourning, with a veil hiding the face, and faintly answered in the affirmative.

"Yes?" said the lady. "Thanks. Does—why, Miss Grey, is that you?"

As she spoke, the lady removed her veil, and Nance started, for she recognized Miss Damerel.

"Yes," she said, on the impulse of the moment. "I am Miss Grey."

CHAPTER XX.

WHERE was Bernard?

The morning he left Nance there sat upon him a presentiment of coming trouble, which stuck to him all the way to town with the persistence which the Old Man of the Sea displayed towards the luckless Sindbad.

He was so upset that he could not enjoy his cigar; and when a man cannot smoke, then he is bad, very bad indeed.

Nance's sweet face, and sad, tear-dimmed eyes haunted him as the train rattled up to Waterloo; and he was conscious and ashamed of the insane idea of going back to Long Ditton by the next train, and postponing his journey to Sparshire.

But he told himself that it was, indeed, an insane idea, and that the mission he was bound on brooked no delay. He must withdraw his promise, marry Nance, take her abroad, and then, after his return, introduce her to his father and the world as his wife. No one should know the exact date when they were married—who, indeed, would be suspicious enough to inquire?—no one would ever know anything of the happy, unspeakably happy, month they had spent together, husband and wife in the sight of heaven, at Long Ditton.

Arrived at Waterloo, he was too impatient to call a hansom, and strode across the park. The presentiment still brooded over him, and he stepped out quickly, to walk way from it.

"I want a change, that's what's the matter," he said to himself. "And Nance wants a change, too. We'll go to Switzerland, and then on to Rome for the winter, and spend March and April in Florence and Venice, and then home to England, and settle down for a time with the dear old guv'nor. It's a question, once he has learnt to know Nance, whether he'll ever let her go again. Well, there's room and to spare at the Hall. How delighted he would be to have such a bright, beautiful girl as my darling Nance about him. Yes it will be a happy time!"

His heart glowed with anticipation of the future his fancy painted in such roseate colors, and he felt more cheerful as he passed through the park.

Early as it was, there were a good many people riding and driving, and his hat was off every now and then as some one of his many friends and acquaintances passed him.

Presently he saw Lady Fanny Howard coming along the mile mounted on a good-looking horse, and she, instead of being satisfied with a nod and smile, pulled up close to the railings and stretched out her hand.

"How do you do, Mr. Yorke? What a stranger you are—but there, I'm tired of making that remark every time I meet you. Have you come back from Africa? oh, no! I remember!" and she smiled significantly, as only she dared smile. "Your Africa is no farther off than Long Ditton, is it?"

Bernard tried hard not to color, and very nearly succeeded.

"I should like to ask who she was—I mean that awfully pretty girl I saw you driving with—but I don't like to. You would be sure to tell me a story, wouldn't you? You'd say it was your sister, or your cousin—one man actually had the audacity to tell me that a girl I saw him with was his aunt! Oh, you men!"

"You shall take your choice of the three Lady Fanny," he said with an outward self-possession, which just masked his annoyance. "Some day I will tell you the truth. I am glad you thought her pretty."

Lady Fanny nodded and laughed.

"I thought her simply lovely, and so did the rest. But you ought to be very grateful to me."

"Grateful?"

"Yes; for I made the people that were with me swear a big oath that they wouldn't mention having met you, and I think they have kept their vow; I know I have."

"Well, I'm grateful," he said, "and I'll prove it by offering you a word of advice."

Lady Fanny pouted—somebody must have told her that a pout became her, for she made the little grimace frequently and always charmingly. "Advice? Oh, thanks! I get quite enough of that article from papa. Well, what is it? Now, don't tell me to get my hair cut or ride in a longer habit, for I shan't do either."

"No," said Bernard, smiling in spite of himself. "I was only going to advise you to keep your eye on this horse of yours."

"Oh, don't you like him?" she asked with surprise. "He's a darling."

"He may be. He's pretty enough for half-a-dozen darlings; but, judging by his eye and the way he moves his ears, I should call him something else, also beginning with a d."

"You mean that he's a devil," said Lady Fanny, laughing. "So he is. Oh, I know that, thanks; and I'm keeping both eyes on him all the time. I'm not afraid of him. I can ride a little bit, you know."

"I know," he assented, with a nod. "Well, watch him, or he'll be up to mischief. Good bye."

"Good-bye," she said; then she leant forward with a mischievous twinkle in her bright audacious eyes, "and give my love to your cousin."

Bernard walked on, quickening his pace. He would just have time to get his letters and pack a bag before starting for the train.

He had reached the corner of St. James's Street, and was glancing at his watch, when he heard the sound of a horse behind him. He glanced round and saw that it was Lady Fanny, and he thought that the handsome "devil" was going at rather too hot a rate for the streets, when Lady Fanny pulled up beside him.

"Oh, Mr. Yorke," she said, "would you mind looking to the curb chain. I think my man has got it too tight. He's a new man, and a perfect fool, and if he gets down off his own horse I know he'll never be able to get up again."

Bernard laughed, and examined the curb.

"Yes, it is too tight," he said. "He has fidgeted, I suppose."

"Fidgeted! Rather! You'd think he was on hot bricks."

"Sell him," said Bernard, sententiously. He knew a horse when he saw it.

"Well, perhaps I will. Have you done it?" for the horse fidgetted and reared slightly.

"Yes," said Bernard. "Mind how you go with him."

As he spoke he felt a tug at his wrist, and saw that his gold sleeve-link had caught in the curb. "Half a moment," he said; but Lady Fanny had touched the horse with her whip, the animal jerked his hand, felt himself caught, and instantly reared.

Bernard was dragged off the pavement, but he did not lose his presence of mind, and he seized the reins. "One moment," he said, quietly, "my sleeve-link has caught." Before he could finish the sentence the ill-tempered beast rose again, this time as high as he could go without falling over; Bernard lost his footing and fell, the horse striking him on the head with its near fore-hoof. Mad with temper and fright the animal reared again, and again struck Bernard. Lady Fanny felt the shock of the blow, and with a cry of alarm flung herself from the saddle. The groom, fortunately, showed more presence of mind than one would have expected in a "perfect fool," and caught the horse just as it was about to bolt.

"Are you hurt?" cried Lady Fanny, expecting Bernard to jump to his feet and answer cheerily in the negative; but Bernard lay quite still, with his face upturned and his eyes closed.

She bent over him and uttered a cry of alarm. Of course, a crowd was instantly formed, and the inevitable policeman pushed his way through.

Lady Fanny, cool and courageous as she was—it was not the first accident she had seen—was terribly alarmed by Bernard's white face and closed eyes, and she looked round frantically.

At the moment, while the policeman was keeping the crowd back, and inquiring for a doctor, a brougham came up. It stopped, and a lady got out. At sight of her Lady Fanny gave a gasp of gratitude.

"Oh, Miss Damerel, is it you! I am so glad!" she exclaimed.

"What is the matter?" asked Felicia as she made her way to Lady Fanny's side; then the color left her face, and she stared down at the prostrate figure, and "Bernard!" rose from her lips.

"Yes, it is Mr. Yorke," said Lady Fanny. "He was loosening my curb chain, and—and that beast—he had just warned me of him—reared and knocked him down. I am afraid he is very much hurt. He does not move."

Felicia, with a face as white as that of the injured man, knelt beside him in the dusty road, and raised his head to her knee. A thin stream of blood trickled over her hands and upon her dress.

As she did so a gentleman made his way through the curious, open mouthed mob. He was a doctor, and with quiet promptitude gave his orders.

"Nearest hospital," he said.

But Felicia looked up, and as quietly said, "No. I know him. I know where he lives. It is not far—my carriage——"

He interrupted her with a nod.

"Right," he said. "Will someone help me lift him?"

The policeman stepped forward; but Felicia, with white set face, motioned him back, and put her arms under Bernard's shoulders.

The doctor looked at her curiously and admiringly. "Tell your man to drive slowly," he said.

Between them they supported Bernard; but it was on Felicia's bosom that his head rested, and, with Lady Fanny following on foot, they reached his rooms.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

WITH MORE USES THAN ONE.—A new theatre is in process of construction at Buenos Ayres, which bids fair to be the largest in the world. It is so planned as to enable carriages to deposit their occupants on the level of the grand tier of boxes as well as on the ground floor, while lifts will be provided for the benefit of all seat-holders in the upper part of the house. But the most characteristic feature of the new theatre is the arrangement by which, in the brief space of three hours, the pit and stalls can be converted into a circus or racing track; so that on the same day, or even on the same night, tragedy may give place to a bull fight, or opera to a bicycle or foot race. Finally, further means are provided by which the ground floor of the house can be turned into a mimic lake, for swimming or other aquatic performances.

NEW DANGERS FOR THE BELATED.—French footpads have discovered a new weapon for assaulting travelers at night. It is a hollow gutta-percha cudgel, which has the advantage over the old time sandbag or loaded stick of inflicting an equally effectual blow without producing any visible wound. Consequently, the belated wanderer who has been robbed finds it difficult to persuade the authorities that his tale is a true one, since he can produce no evidence of having been struck.

ADRIFT.

BY E. M.

Why dost thou let thy life drift o'er the sea
As some frail bark to certain wreck and loss?
While thou, pale passenger, upon thy course
Watchest the wrathful tempest fall on thee,
And seest the swelling surges, in wild glee,
Sweep o'er the maddened main, and, mounting, force
The foam into thy rending shrouds, that toss
Their shreds before thine eyes in mockery.
O troubled soul, thou mightiest sit and sing
In spite of storm and wind—thou mightiest feel
No single touch of fear, nor need go cling
To mast or cordage—happy smiles might steal
About thy lips, so sure wert thou to bring
Thy ship to port, if God were at the wheel!

The "Paying-Guest."

BY M. M.

A CHARMING woman, I assure you; most highly connected—related to half the best families in England."

"But, Aunt Lucilla, you don't mean to say you have gone in for taking boarders?"

Miss Marchmont drew herself up to her full height of five feet three.

"Not boarders," she replied with dignity, "A paying guest."

Her flippant young nephew, Austin Thorpe, failed to see the difference; but Miss Marchmont's feelings on the subject were evidently sensitive.

"But how did you come across her?" he asked, after a pause.

"I will tell you all the circumstances. Last month, coming from Scotland, this lady travelled with me in the same compartment. I found her a most agreeable companion. In the course of conversation she told me her whole history. She is a widow, rich, childless, and lonely. She spoke to me of her wish to find some quiet home where she might live in peace and comfort."

"Has she no relatives?" inquired the sceptical young man.

"Certainly she has—many, who would be only too delighted to receive her on account of her wealth. But she is in sympathy with none of them, and she will not favor one at the expense of the others."

"So she selected this as her resting-place?"

"I'm coming to that, only you are in such a hurry," said Miss Marchmont with dignity. "When we parted at Euston we exchanged addresses, and she wrote to me afterwards, explaining all her wishes, and mentioning the terms she was willing to pay. They were so extremely liberal that on thinking the matter over, I decided to try the experiment myself of taking a 'paying-guest.'"

"Well, Aunt Lucilla, I suppose you are the best judge of your own affairs," said Austin; "but I should be pretty cautious myself as to whom I received into my house. Has she paid up all right since she's been here?"

"Really, Austin, you have a very coarse way of putting things," said Miss Marchmont, her withered little face taking a delicate shade of pink. "Mrs. Fairfax has only been in the house two weeks. As the arrangement is that she is to pay quarterly, naturally up to the present no money transaction has taken place between us."

"Worse and worse," thought Austin. Aloud he said, "Did you get any references with the good lady?"

"Of course I did. Mrs. Fairfax positively refused to enter the house until I had applied to some friends. Here is the list she gave."

Miss Marchmont opened her small handbag, fumbled among its contents, and finally produced a well-worn envelope. Austin drew the sheet of paper from its cover, and ran his eyes over the list of names.

"Rev. Samuel Bodley, Sir Martin Macrae, Dr. Skinner, Mrs. Montague—h'm, sounds respectable enough," he observed cautiously. "You wrote to some of them, you say?"

"Certainly I did—and got most thoroughly satisfactory answers."

Miss Marchmont's tone was decidedly triumphant.

"Well, Aunt Lucilla, I hope that the arrangement will prove everything you can wish," said her nephew, rising to go. "Is that Mrs. Fairfax coming up the steps?"

"Yes. Wait a minute, I should like you to see her."

The drawing-room door opened and Miss Marchmont's "paying-guest" made her appearance.

Austin Thorpe saw a middle-aged handsomely-dressed woman. She had auburn hair, brushed very smoothly and firmly back from her long, pale face, and she had narrow eyes of a peculiar yellow-green tint.

These same eyes had a way of being modestly downcast; but Austin presently detected one or two sharp side long glances from under the drooping lids, which made him suspect that their owner was scarcely as innocent and demure as she pretended to be.

The young man took a dislike to her on the spot; and all her suavity and sweet graciousness of manner failed to dispel his prejudice. Miss Marchmont had never seen him so little amiable.

After he left she made a half-apology to her guest for his brusqueness. Mrs. Fairfax gave some sort of smiling rejoinder and Miss Marchmont was too short-sighted to see the angry gleam in the yellow-green eyes.

"I don't like that woman; she's got a bad face," cogitated Austin as he left his aunt's house in Kensington Square and took his way eastward to his own chambers. "What's her little game, I wonder? I'm bothered if I don't believe she's up to some mischief; and Aunt Lucilla is as guileless as a dormouse. She really is not fit to manage her own affairs. No, I don't like it at all. Let's see what Colinette has to say about it. Trust little Colin for finding a way out of the difficulty."

Austin Thorpe turned down a side-street, and ran up the steps of an old-fashioned house. He was shown into a pretty morning-room where a girl sat busily working at an embroidery frame.

The bright flowers grew under her deft fingers as if they had been placed bodily on their creamy background, and not merely woven out of many colored silks.

"Hard at work, as usual?" said Austin, with an accent of half-tender reproach. "How I hate the sight of that frame, Colinette!"

"Hush sir; you are not to say that," commanded the girl, merrily. "My needle is my wand, by which I shall conjure up both our fortunes."

Austin gave a laugh that was half a sigh. These two foolish young people had been engaged over a year, and there seemed no nearer prospect of their marriage than there had been thirteen months ago.

Austin made Colinette his confidante on every possible occasion, and he now told her all about his aunt's strange freak of taking a boarder—or, as she chose to call it, a "paying-guest."

Colinette knew Miss Marchmont well by report, although the latter resolutely refused to make her acquaintance, being indignant with her nephew for getting engaged to a girl who had to earn her own living.

"Laugh at me if you like, Colin," concluded the young man, "but, the fact is, I don't feel as if I could rest easy as long as that woman stays in Kensington Square. Aunt Lucilla ought to have some one to look after her; she's as easily bamboozled as an infant in arms. Can't you suggest some plan, Colin?"

"Let me think: perhaps an idea will come," said Colinette rapping her curly brown head with the tip of her thimble.

"By George, if I haven't carried off her precious list of references!" cried Austin, thrusting his hand into his coat pocket. "Something ought to come of this. I'll do a little amateur investigation on my own account."

"And I've got an idea," said Colinette. "It's a bold, brazen one, but perhaps it's worth trying."

"Good! You're a Trojan, my girl," said Austin, when Colin had expounded her plan. "Now, Mrs. Fairfax, look to your guns. I think we'll prove a match for you yet."

* * * * * *

"Dear Miss Marchmont, and are these really the famous Pontifex emeralds?"

It was several days after Austin's visit to his aunt, and Miss Marchmont and her "paying guest" were in the bedroom of the former.

It was a wet afternoon, and the little old lady, beguiled much adroit flattery on the part of the fascinating widow, had consented to while away the tedious hours by a display of some of her treasures.

Miss Marchmont had come of a wealthy family, and she was still very comfortably off; but, in her old age, like many rich people, she was developing a strong vein of miserliness. It was chiefly this growing love of gain that had induced her to open her doors to a stranger.

But, apart from the liberal terms which Mrs. Fairfax offered, her presence was sufficiently agreeable. She laid herself out to be pleasant, and skilfully humored all her hostess's little foibles. She led on to speak of family affairs, and was soon in possession of most of the facts relating to Miss Marchmont's property.

That lady had inherited her money from her mother. Miss Julia Pontifex brought her husband a handsome dowry, and a very fair collection of jewels, and at her death these descended to her only daughter, Lucilla.

These details Miss Marchmont related to Mrs. Fairfax in return for the many confidences showered upon herself, and on this wet afternoon she was persuaded to show some of her heir-looms to that lady's appreciative gaze.

The jewelry was old-fashioned in the setting, but many of the stones were fine. Among the most valuable was a set of emeralds—tiara, necklace and bracelet. It was these that called forth Mrs. Fairfax's warmest admiration; but she had eyes to spare for many other articles—brooches, rings, bracelets, diamond shoe-buckles, and a string of exquisite pearls.

"Really, you make me feel quite envious," she exclaimed affectedly, as Miss Marchmont drew from its case one trinket after another. "Those sweet emeralds! I positively must try on that fascinating necklace."

She had just fastened the glittering circle round her slim, white throat, when the door of Miss Marchmont's dressing-room opened, and a young girl stood on the threshold.

Mrs. Fairfax turned hurriedly from the glass, and her yellow-green eyes shot a displeased glance at the brown ones that were gazing at her in astonishment.

"Pardon, mesdames," said the girl, and she added some words in French to Miss Marchmont.

That lady replied in the same language, and the intruder presently withdrew, shutting the door behind her. Neither of the ladies noticed that the somewhat noisy bang resulted in the door's springing open half-an-inch.

"That's a new face, isn't it?" said Mrs. Fairfax carelessly, as she unfastened the necklace and placed it in its box. "I don't seem to remember having seen her before."

"No, she has only been here for two or three days," replied Miss Marchmont. "She's a little French sewing-girl that my nephew is interested in. She works splendidly, and he asked me to have compassion on her, and give her employment for the next few weeks, till her family comes back to London, and she can rejoin them."

"If she is a good worker, and you can spare her, dear Miss Marchmont, perhaps she can do a few things for me," said Mrs. Fairfax, who never lost an opportunity of turning things to her own advantage. "But isn't it a little unfortunate that she happened to come in just at this moment?" and she pointed in a significant way to the open dressing-case, and the display of jewels.

"Oh, dear no, there's no danger in that direction," returned Miss Marchmont, cheerfully. "Austin assures me that the whole family are thoroughly respectable. Gilberte is above suspicion."

"Dear me, Mr. Thorpe is quite an enthusiast," remarked Mrs. Fairfax with a smile that was half a sneer. "My maxim is; trust no one, and you'll never be deceived. But now, Miss Marchmont, as to the putting away of these beauties. I hope you keep them in a safe place?"

"Oh, yes. I've a splendid hiding-place for them—no one would dream of its existence. Just look here!"

There was a heavy old-fashioned dressing-table in the room, with one long drawer running across it at the top, and smaller drawers down to the ground on either side.

Miss Marchmont took out the lowest right-hand drawer and pressed some spring. Then the back of the dressing-table, under the long centre drawer, swung open and revealed a cupboard.

Miss Marchmont stooped down, placed the jewel-box and the cases on the shelves of this cupboard and closed the door. Then she drew a tiny key from her watch chain, fitted it into an invisible hole and turned the lock. Finally she put back the drawer in its place and the dressing-table was once more a solid cumbrous piece of furniture, quite devoid of romance or mystery.

"Most ingenious!" murmured Mrs. Fairfax. "A unique contrivance. Certainly no thief would ever dream of such a hiding place."

"No, I think not," said Miss Marchmont complacently. "Even if he noticed the key-hole, and got possession of the key, which he could scarcely do, as I always keep it on my watch chain, it's impossible to open the door unless he knew the secret of the spring; and I don't suppose any one in the world would think of that unless he were told."

"No, indeed," agreed Mrs. Fairfax thoughtfully. "Well, thank you very much, Miss Marchmont, for showing me your pretty treasures. I've had a most delightful afternoon. And see, the rain is over. Shall we go for a little stroll?"

* * * * * *

Tap-tap-tap. Tap-tap-tap.

Miss Marchmont sat up in bed and listened. Yes, some one was certainly rapping at her bedroom door.

"Who is there? What is it?" she called out.

"Oh, Miss Marchmont, I'm so sorry to trouble you," came back a plaintive voice. "May I speak to you for a moment?"

Miss Marchmont rose and opened the door. Outside stood Mrs. Fairfax in a flannel dressing-gown, holding a candle in one hand and pressing the other to her face.

"I'm so sorry to trouble you," she repeated, effusively, "but I've got the most agonizing toothache. Nothing in the world will do it any good but hot formentations. Do you think one of the servants could heat me a little water over the spirit lamp?"

"I'll do it myself, in half a moment," cried Miss Marchmont, who had the kindest heart possible. "You go back to bed, Mrs. Fairfax, and I'll bring it to you directly it is ready."

"How good you are! A thousand thanks," murmured the sufferer, sinking into a chair with an audible groan, while her good-natured hostess hastened to robe herself in some scanty covering and bustled from the room.

Some one else besides Miss Marchmont had been roused by the midnight tapping. Gilberte, the French sewing girl, who slept on the same landing, hearing movements, rose to see if she could be of any service.

She opened her door in time to see the quaintly-attired little figure of the lady of the house disappearing down the staircase.

Through the half opened door of Miss Marchmont's bedroom, by the light of the solitary candle, she could see also the proceedings of the figure left there.

Directly Miss Marchmont's back was turned, Mrs. Fairfax's sufferings apparently left her. She rose from her seat, went hurriedly up to the dressing-table, and evidently seized some object lying there.

"Good! The first step over," she said, almost aloud. "Ha! What's that?" she gave a scream of fright, for in the looking-glass facing her she met the steady gaze of two brown eyes.

"Madame is suffering?" inquired the voice of the young French girl, with an air of solicitude.

"Toothache—bad tooth," responded Mrs. Fairfax, gesticulating vigorously. ("Brute, what possessed her to come in at that moment?") "I was just looking to see what the time was," she added, replacing Miss Marchmont's watch in its stand.

"Ah, yes—two hours less one quarter," remarked Gilberte, taking up the watch. She turned it over and over, as if admiring the pretty gold chasing, and it was still in her hand when Miss Marchmont came back.

The latter carried a little copper kettle and spirit lamp, and Mrs. Fairfax was soon supplied with boiling water. Reiterating her profuse thankfulness, that lady retreated into her own room.

"What an escape!" she murmured; "another half-second and it would have been too late. What does that girl want, perpetually prowling about the house? Can she suspect? Folly! She is an utter stranger, and can barely understand English. Thanks, Miss Marchmont; I don't think you will be troubled very much longer with the presence of your 'paying-guest.'"

Mrs. Fairfax's laugh was not precisely pleasant as she curled herself under the bed-clothes and went to sleep.

The following morning all trace of the toothache seemed to have disappeared. Mrs. Fairfax was more lively than usual at breakfast, and was full of apologies to Miss Marchmont for having disturbed her in the night.

"I feel quite festive," she remarked gaily. "Can't we do something to amuse ourselves to-day?"

"What would you like to do?" returned Miss Marchmont.

"Have you been to the Academy?"

"Not yet."

"Well, suppose we go there this afternoon? Not this morning, for I have letters to write.

Mrs. Fairfax wrote her letters, and car-

ried them to the post herself. Strangely enough, Gilberte, the French sewing-girl, had also missives of importance for the post; one was a telegram, written in plain English, and it was addressed to Austin Thorpe.

Soon after an early lunch the ladies left the house. Gilberte saw them start. She was accordingly much amazed, less than an hour later, to come face to face with Mrs. Fairfax.

That lady was in the act of leaving Miss Marchmont's bedroom, and in her hand she carried a small black bag. When she saw Gilberte she looked startled and confused, and for a moment the two gazed at each other in silence.

Mrs. Fairfax was the first to recover herself.

"Miss Marchmont forgot her hand-bag with her purse in it," she explained, hurriedly, "so I came back to fetch it." Then she went quickly past Gilberte and into her own room.

"That bag was not Miss Marchmont's," said Gilberte to herself. In a moment her resolve was taken.

Two minutes later there came an excited rapping at Mrs. Fairfax's door, which was evidently locked.

"Ma'am! ma'am! will you please come down!" cried the trembling voice of the housemaid. "Cook thinks the kitchen chimney's on fire!"

"No, I can't come; I'm busy" was the angry response.

"Oh! ma'am, do come! We're afraid the house may catch fire. Cook says I'm to run for a policeman if you won't come. We durs'n't see to it ourselves."

"What folly!" exclaimed Mrs. Fairfax, flinging open the door and appearing with a very red face.

She brushed past the girl and ran downstairs, and it was quite five minutes before she regained her own room.

"A pack of idiots!" she mentally ejaculated. "Nothing in the world the matter. Fancy losing such a chance for nonsense of that kind. Ah! mercifully nothing has happened—all is safe. Now to be off with as little delay as possible. Each moment is precious."

She cautiously drew from under the hangings of the bed the bag which she had flung there when the housemaid's knock first startled her. Then catching up her parasol, and firmly clutching the bag in her hand, she ran swiftly down the stairs and out of the house.

* * * * * *

Two or three hours later on that same afternoon Miss Marchmont returned to her house in Kensington Square. She was alone, and showed considerable agitation.

"Mr. Thorpe is waiting to see you, ma'am," said the servant who opened the door.

"Has Mrs. Fairfax returned?"

"No, ma'am."

"Most extraordinary!" ejaculated the little lady. "Oh, Austin, is that you? Such an annoying thing has happened."

"What is that?"

"Mrs. Fairfax and I went this afternoon to the Academy. The rooms were very crowded, and the moment we got well inside we managed to lose sight of each other. I waited and hunted about in all the rooms and couldn't find a trace of Mrs. Fairfax. Finally I came away, thinking she might have returned; but Martin says she is not yet back. I daresay she is still there, looking for me. Too provoking, isn't it?"

"Yes, it's vexatious; but I'm not sorry she's out of the way. I came on purpose this afternoon to have a little talk with you about her."

Miss Marchmont gave Austin a quick glance, like a frightened sparrow.

"That list of references you showed me the other day," he continued, "I took away by mistake, and finding it afterwards in my pocket, I determined to make a few investigations. Aunt Lucilla, of all the names and addresses on that piece of paper, only two were genuine, and in these cases the people barely knew Mrs. Fairfax. The other addresses were simply bogus ones, or lodging-houses where the people named had only stayed for a few days."

"Austin Thorpe, do you know what you are saying?" exclaimed Miss Marchmont, gazing at him in horror.

"Perfectly well," he replied calmly. "And more than that—listen. In the course of my inquiries I found that this Mrs. Fairfax is a well-known character. She belongs to a regular gang of swindlers. One of her favorite tricks is to stay at a fashionable hotel, or boarding-house, and suddenly to disappear without paying her bill. In addition she never objects to pick up any valuable little trifles she can find by the way."

"Great heavens, what an escape I've had!" cried Miss Marchmont. "Only last week I showed that wicked woman all my jewels and their secret hiding place."

"Aunt Lucilla, you never did!"

"Yes, I did—I did! Oh, what a fool I've been. Austin, do you think she will ever come back?"

"That I can't say—probably not. Are you quite sure she has stolen nothing from you already?"

"Oh, no; she could not get to my jewels—I always keep the key on my watch-chain, and that never leaves me day or night." Miss Marchmont drew out her watch, and gave a cry of alarm. "Merciful goodness, the key is gone!"

She sprang up and hurried to her room, followed by Austin.

"That toothache last night! Of course, I see it all—a device to get me out of the room. My watch was on the dressing-table. She must have taken the key then; I told her I kept it on my watch-chain."

"Have you any other way of opening the cupboard?"

"Yes, I have a duplicate key." She went to her writing desk, and fumbled among its contents with trembling fingers. "Here it is, now we shall see."

She pressed the spring, turned the key, and the door swung open. There stood the jewel-box and all the leather cases in their usual position.

"Safe!" she cried, with a sigh of relief. "Austin, perhaps we have wronged her with our suspicions."

For all his answer Austin opened one of the cases, and held it out to her. It was empty. To each in turn he did the same. They were all empty. The worthless cases were there, but their precious contents had been rifled.

"Gone—all gone!" she said in a tone of despair. Her jewels were as dear to her as children. "Not one left! Oh, the villain! What a fool I've been."

She sank on a chair in an attitude of dejection.

"But when can she have done it?" she cried. "She has never been alone in my room that I know of, except for three minutes last night. She may have stolen the key then, but she had certainly no time to get the jewels."

"Pardon, madam," said a voice, and the young French girl stood before them. "This afternoon, an hour after you left, I met Mrs. Fairfax coming out of your room. She said you had sent her back to fetch your hand bag."

"I never did so."

"It was all a trick, of course," said Austin—"an excuse to get into your room. But, Aunt Lucilla, don't be so broken-hearted. Perhaps your jewels will turn up again, safe and sound after all."

"They never will—and it's all my own fault."

"What reward will you offer?"

"Anything you like. But it will all be useless."

"If I get back your jewels for you, will you withdraw your opposition to my marriage with Colinette?"

"A safe promise—yes."

"Mind, I shall keep you to your word. Know, then, that at this moment I can lay my hands on the person who possesses your jewels."

"Austin!"

"There she stands before you."

"Gilberte!"

Miss Marchmont fixed her gaze incredulously on the young girl, who returned it with some embarrassment.

"You stole my jewels?"

"Yes, madam, it is true," said Gilberte, with downcast eyes.

"What made you do a wicked thing like that?"

"A very good reason, Aunt Lucilla," interposed Austin—"to save them from the clutches of Mrs. Fairfax. Gilberte tell how it happened."

"This was how it was," said Gilberte, who suddenly lost her French accent and spoke in excellent English. "Last night I suspected some mischief was brewing, but I did not know what. I resolved to keep a very good watch over Mrs. Fairfax, and when I met her coming out of your room this afternoon I guessed something had happened. The servants raised an alarm of fire on purpose to draw Mrs. Fairfax out of her room. When she was downstairs I rushed in, found the bag under the bed, opened it and took out the jewels. That is all the story. Now come and see the jewels."

"Do you think she discovered her loss before she left the house?"

"No, she went away in such a hurry. I don't think she had time to look in the bag."

"In any case she is not like to trouble you again, Aunt Lucilla," said Austin. "But now, remember your promise."

"Oh, there's plenty of time for that," she replied. "But now, my dear, what reward can I give you?" turning to Gilberte. "It is entirely owing to your care and quick wits that I have been saved this serious loss."

"Aunt Lucilla, you can reward her by being friends with her," said Austin. "This is your new niece. Gilberte is the other name of Colinette. She came here at my request to watch over your interests. Nothing but her love for me would have induced her to carry out such a scheme, and you must help me to make up to her for the very disagreeable part she has had to play."

DANCING HORSES OF SYBARIS.

In the June St. Nicholas, James Baldwin tells of the decline of the Greek colony of Sybaris, after the inhabitants had given themselves up wholly to pleasure. Of the battle in which they were finally conquered, Mr. Baldwin writes:

When a spy reported to the Crotoniates that he had seen all the horses in Sybaris dancing to the music of a pipe, the Croton general saw his opportunity at once. He sent into the Sybarite territories a large company of shepherds and fifers armed with nothing but flutes and shepherds' pipes, while a little way behind them marched the rank and file of the Crotoniate army. When the Sybarites heard that the enemy's forces were coming, they marshalled their cavalry—the finest in the world at that time—and sallied forth to meet them.

They thought it would be fine sport to send the Crotoniates scampering back across the fields into their own country; and half of Sybaris went out to see the fun. When an odd sight it must have been—a thousand fancifully dressed horsemen, splendidly mounted, riding out to meet an array of unarmed shepherds and a handful of ragged foot-soldiers!

The Sybarite ladies wave their handkerchiefs and cheer their champions to the charge. The horsemen sit proudly in their saddles, ready at a word to make the grand dash—when, hark! A thousand pipes begin to play—not "Yankee Doodle" nor "Rule Britannia"—but the national air of Crotona, whatever that may have been. The order is given to charge; the Sybarites shout and drive their spurs into their horses' flanks—what fine sport it is going to be! But the war-steeds hear nothing, care for nothing, but the music. They lift their slender hoofs in unison with the inspiring strains.

And now the armed Crotoniates appear on the field; but the pipers still pipe, and the horses still dance—they caper, curvet, caracole, pirouette, waltz, trip the light fantastic hoof, forgetful of everything but the delightful harmony.

The Sybarite riders have been so sure of the victory that they have taken more trouble to ornament than to arm themselves. Some of them are pulled from their dancing horses by the Crotoniate footmen—others slip to the ground and run as fast as their nerveless legs will carry them back to the shelter of the city walls. The shepherds and fifers retreat slowly toward Crotona, still piping merrily, and the sprightly horses follow them keeping step with the music.

The dancing horses cross the boundary line between the two countries, they waltz across the Crotoniate fields, they caracole gayly through the Crotoniate gates, and when the fifers cease their playing the streets of Crotona are full of fine war-horses!

Thus it was that the Sybarites lost the fine cavalry of which they had been so proud. The complete overthrow of their power and the conquest of their city by Crotoniates followed soon afterward—for how, between so idle and so industrious a community, could it have been otherwise?

PILGRIMS IN PERIL.—The risk of a pilgrimage to Mecca may well make the most earnest Mussulman hesitate to undertake that pious duty. Of the 63,000 pilgrims who have sailed from various Oriental parts for this sacred spot during the last six years, some 22,000 have never returned. A few, it is thought, may possibly find their way back by other routes. Many, it is feared, have been murdered by gangs of scoundrels, who are believed to travel regularly by the Jedda steamers, marking down pilgrims who are possessed of valuables, and attacking them when a favorable opportunity occurs. It is said, however, that by far the greater number fall by the wayside on the long tramp from Jedda to Mecca or Medina.

Scientific and Useful.

ALUMINUM HORSESHOES.—Among the recent patents is one for an aluminum horseshoe having finely divided particles of hard metal embedded in the wearing face of the shoe. This forms a very light shoe, of considerable durability.

IRON TONGS.—A pair of wrought iron tongs, or a piece of hoop heated and bent until the ends form a circuit like the feet of tongs, will magnetize a knife-blade laid upon them and rubbed with another piece of steel. The cause is not yet satisfactorily explained.

BRICKS OF MANY COLORS.—By combining many materials it is asserted that bricks of all colors can be produced. For instance, the addition of a small percentage of iron to the clay gives a beautiful mottled brick. The departure will exert quite an influence on architecture.

A NEW USE FOR LEATHER.—Artificial whalebone is now made from leather, which, after having been soaked for two or three days in sulphate of potassium, is stretched, slowly dried, and subjected first to a high temperature, and then to a heavy pressure, which makes it hard and elastic.

EVERLASTING.—Aluminum-lined cooking utensils are made from a solid plate of strictly pure aluminum inside, superimposed under pressure upon a sheet of steel outside. They claim the advantages of being strong, stiff, light and everlasting. This ware, they say, can be used against the bare flame without scorching.

A SUCCESSFUL EXPERIMENT.—A balloon equipped with self registering instruments to measure the temperature and pressure of the atmosphere at high altitudes was recently let loose in Berlin, and came down, with the instruments in good condition, in Bosnia. The instruments showed that the balloon had reached an elevation of 53,872 feet, over ten miles; the thermometer had fallen to 52 degs. below zero—the lowest it could record. Another balloon, sent up later, reached 72,000 feet above the earth, or thirteen and a half miles.

Farm and Garden.

GERMS.—In experimenting to find the effect of sunlight on disease germs it has been discovered that such spores are killed by the blue and violet rays of sunlight in a few hours.

STOCK.—While the raising of the stock will enrich our soil and renew its productiveness, it will market the farm products better than to ship the feed away. While grain growing is yearly becoming more unprofitable, our hope is in stock breeding.

COUNT THE COST.—Where there is no profit there is usually loss. Do not attempt the wintering over of any animal which does not show good promise of returning a profit for the food consumed. Possibly you have some which you would better give away than feed.

TAKING ON FLESH.—It is only as the animals approaches maturity that it readily takes on flesh. First comes warmth and repaired waste; then growth. Only after these wants are supplied can anything be spared to lay by for future use in the shape of fat. The matured animal is most easily made ready for the butchers.

WOOD.—The right way to work up trees into firewood is to saw into suitable lengths, then split clear across the length in one side and slab it up about the thickness of the sticks desired. Wood when split should be square; a flat or a three cornered stick in a stove is a nuisance. If left piled outside, exposed to the weather, all with the bark on should be bark side up, and the top row should all have the bark on.

MILK.—One who realizes the importance of cleanliness in handling milk says that milk should always be strained through a fine wire strainer and then through cloth. A single trial of the cloth strainer will convince any one that its use is imperatively necessary in order to have all impurities removed. Four thicknesses of butter cloth fastened to the under side of the wire strainer by a tin ring which slips over it, holding it in place, is a very satisfactory strainer.

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Concerning Smiles.

The smile itself is a human privilege, of which, if evolution permits it, evolution should be proud. We who bow our heads in the firm and holy belief of a Great Maker may note that man is the only animal that smiles, or that has any muscles that will fit him to do so, or to contract his lips and kiss. This will be a little difficult to the believers in Lucretius and his atoms; for he tells us plainly that the legs were not made to walk, nor the arms and hands to grasp, but that from the fitness of things they fell into their respective work.

It will show, however, how systematically Darwin has gone to work, when we recall that, in his work on "The Emotions of Animals," illustrated by some of the most unsuccessful woodcuts any book has been disfigured with, he has tried to prove that dogs smile, and **has endeavored either to elevate the** brute or to debase man, by showing that the lower animals participate in most of those emotions which we have claimed as peculiar to man. In some no doubt they may do.

Man is an animal in the fullest sense, but he is far above other animals. The amile fondness of an old woman may fancy that her lap-dog smiles upon her, and that pussy laughs a welcome; but even the genius of a Landseer can torture the expression of his dog subjects into nothing more than a grin of a very dubious character.

To smile—not to laugh—and there is a world of difference between the two acts—is the first distinct thing a man does. The assertion that "we come crying into the world" is true enough; but that act is the last act of the embryo, the spasmodic action which enables it to breathe, the astonished declamation against being born, being hurried by a tremendous cataclysm into an unknown, cold and strange region. When this necessary ululation, this singing out, which fills the lungs and sets them upon their important work, is over, the child seeks to sustain itself by food, and to educate its eyes, hands and legs; and, finally, when it has acquired a little sense, it will venture upon a smile.

Now this smile—not the spasmodic contraction and retraction of certain rebellious muscles, which the young master of the human machine has not got properly into order, but the really intelligent baby-smile—is one of the most grateful, graceful and pretty things imaginable. It is so truly polite, so helpless, so defenceless, and yet so genuine. Long before baby can speak or crow, he finds out that he can smile, and this great gift and privilege he will use very liberally towards a fit and good-natured face as he looks over his nurse's shoulders.

Happy the man upon whom a baby will smile liberally! He shuns careworn faces, and, with the usual imitation of children, will try to contract his brow and frown—which he finds a difficulty—when he sees cross and cruel expressions. But, if any one smiles at him, his eyes light up, and he begins those simple, innocent, sympathetic expressions which we all understand. If another baby approaches him, he at once conveys to his elder acquaintance that one of the inhabitants from Lilliput has come within ken, and he and the other baby will stare and watch each other very carefully, treating each other with somewhat rare and dubious smiles, as if they were not quite sure of the position they held.

When in full health, and in good humor, babies smile most when half naked and going to bed. They will smile at their toes as they try to cram them into their mouths, and reward their nurses with a perfect shower of smiles before they fall asleep, or sleep falls upon them, as gently as a snowflake on an autumn rose.

After all, as a mere matter of convenience and cheerfulness, it is better to meet the world with a pleasant look than with a frown, and to "come up smiling," like the celebrated boxer in his long battle, as long as his battered visage would allow him the decoration of such an emotion.

The smilers and the frowners are pretty equally divided, but the smilers live the longer and go through life by far the more easily. Even the holy George Herbert found that "the world is full of jest;" and indeed some of our own follies, our own misfortunes, our own cheateries, the way in which we have been taken in, and the cunning method in which A. "cased" us of that spare cash, or C. drew us into that speculation which cost so much money, afford us capital food for a cautious smile when we have surmounted the evil and are strong enough to be consoled by humor.

The smile of humor, which marks the strong man who has lived his life. And it is peculiar to old and partially bald men that the smile does seem to mount to the forehead. Such smiles are not altogether pleasant ones; they are too cunning.

The best are those which pass between parent and child, or the members of a family who understand each other; or it is that sweetest of all—and of all it is the slightest—the smile that is exchanged between a husband and wife who are thoroughly at one with each other, and whose every look is full of confidence and trust.

When those four loving eyes meet, there will arise, even upon the slightest occasion, an almost imperceptible smile. Charles Lamb, hungry for wifely love, but debarred from it by fate, wrote a charming essay on what he humorously calls the insolent behavior of some married couples, in which he complains of this secret telegraphy so annoying to outsiders; but to those who are privileged to share it, it will be a key to Milton's fine challenge in anticipation to Darwin, in the assertion that "Smiles from reason flow, to brute denied and are of Love the food."

THAT house will be in turmoil where there is no toleration of each other's errors. If you lay a single stick of wood on the grate and apply the fire to it, it will go out; put on another stick and they will burn; and a half-dozen sticks and you will have a big blaze. If one member of the family gets into a passion, and is let alone, he will cool down, and may possibly be ashamed, and repent. But oppose temper to temper; pile on all the fuel; draw in others of the group, and let one harsh answer be followed by another, and there will soon be a blaze that will enwrap them all.

THE man that laughs heartily is a doctor without a diploma. His face does more good in a sick-room than a bushel of powders or a gallon of bitter draughts. People are always glad to see him. Their hands instinctively go half way out to meet his grasp, while they turn involuntarily from the clammy touch of the dyspeptic who speaks in the groaning key. Such a one laughs at your faults, while you never dream of being offended with him; and you never know what a pleasant world you live in until he points out the sunny streaks on its pathway.

THERE is no time spent so stupidly as that which inconsiderate people pass in a morning, between sleeping and waking. He who is up may be at work, or amusing himself; he who is asleep is receiving the refreshment necessary to fit him for action; but the hours spent in dozing are wasted without either pleasure or profit. The earlier and more regular you leave your bed, the seldomer you will be confined to it.

OUR delight in sunshine, in the deep-bladed grass, to-day might be no more than the faint perception of weary souls, if it were not for the sunshine and the grass in the far-off years, which still live in us and transform our perception into love—those hours which all one's life long can be looked back to with loving remembrance, which can gild and beautify the most sorrowful lives.

HAVE the courage to give occasionally that which you can ill afford to spare. Giving what you do not want nor value neither brings nor deserves thanks in return; who is grateful for a drink of water from another's overflowing well, however delicious the draught? Have the courage to wear your old garments till you can pay for new ones.

IT is not for ourselves alone we live and aspire, but by our sympathy we carry others with us. For this, perhaps, is the highest form of influence; not one man doing good to another, but one holding the hand of his brother, saying: Let us aspire together toward that which is just and pure and true.

A MAN may conceal his name, his age, the circumstances of his life, but not his character. That is his moral atmosphere, and as inseparable from him as the fragrance of the rose from the rose itself. In the glance of the eye, in the tones of the voice, in mien and gesture, character discloses itself.

NO man ever reflected upon himself with regret for having done his duty to God or man; no man ever broke his sleep, or was haunted with the fears of Divine vengeance, for having lived soberly, or righteously, or godly, in this present world.

BY friendship, I suppose you mean the greatest love, and the greatest usefulness, and the noblest suffering, and the severest truth, and the greatest union of minds, of which brave men and brave women are capable.

NO man or woman, by the humblest thought, can really be strong, gentle, pure and good without the world being better for it; without somebody being helped and comforted by the very existence of that goodness.

VIRTUE should be considered as a part of taste: and we should as much avoid deceit, or sinister meanings in discourse, as we would platitudes, bad language, or false grammar.

WE are too fond of our will. We want to be doing what we fancy mighty things; but the great point is to do small things when called to them in a right spirit.

MODESTY in a woman is a certain agreeable fear of all she enters upon; in men it is composed of a right judgment of what is proper for them to attempt.

A CROTCHETY man dives into the well of truth only to croak with the frogs at the bottom.

HABIT is a cable; we weave a thread of it every day, and at last we cannot break it.

CONFIDENTIAL CORRESPONDENTS.

PENSEE.—**The patron saint of boys is St.** Nicholas, for whom the Dutch name is Santa Klaus. It is recorded of him that he restored to life some children who were murdered by an innkeeper of Myra and pickled in a pork-tub.

SILLY.—**It is said that only cheap boots crack, the reason being (we are informed) that** the inner sole is made up of pieces which rub together. The only cure is to get a good shoemaker to take the sole off, or else to purchase a better class of foot gear. The last recipe for their cure was to stand the soles only in paraffine-oil for a night or so, and this would take the creak out.

ELIA.—**A widow on her second marriage** can have nothing to do with her first. That is for ever a thing of the past. The first wedding-ring therefore, being the mere symbol of the first marriage, must be abondoned altogether, and certainly should never by worn, although we see that modern novelists speak of the two rings being worn one above the other. Such a practice is in very bad taste.

VIVIENNE.—**Wafers are simply wafers,** and nothing else. They used to be employed for fastening letters and envelopes in lieu of sealing wax, and were made of either colored paste and stamped, or of colored gum, and are used still to secure paper designs in any desired position. Of course you should not "scrape them off," but use a soft sponge and tepid water to remove them.

F. A. BIGLIN.—**The water should not be** very frequently changed in the gold-fish globe. Finely crumbled bread, the yolks of eggs dried and reduced to powder, flies, etc., are suitable for them; but some people give only powdered biscuits. We think that, unless the water be very clouded, once a week would be sufficiently often to change it. You should procure a syphon for the purpose at the place where such fish are sold.

READER.—**The pine-apple, of the order** of Bromeliaceæ, is generally a stemless perennial, sometimes shrubby and many of them parasitical. It is a native of the tropics and came originally from South America, and is now cultivated in the West Indies. The fruit does not grow singly but in clusters or groups of many, forming, as it were, a single fruit. They do not "grow in the 'ground' like turnips." Pay a little more attention to your spelling.

WISHING.—**Always, when addressing a** lady say "ma'am," whether married or single. Marriage has nothing to do with the title, nor has youth, provided the young lady be out of the school-room and "in society," which she would be at eighteen. You would not say "yes, Mr." to any gentleman, married or single; nor "yes, Mrs." to a lady; "sir" and "ma'am" are the only modes of address, at least to persons of the upper circles of society. Shop attendants say "madam" instead of "ma'am" and quite correctly; but it is to married and single alike. You are very wise in wishing to speak and behave correctly.

WHERTON.—**The custom of wearing** black patches to make the skin seem fairer came from the habit of applying, in the sixteenth century, pieces of black velvet or other dark stuff to the temples for the headache. A fashionable coquette discovered that these were becoming, and brought them into use in France, whence the custom spread elsewhere. They were worn not only by women, but by exquisites and the clergy, though their use was not generally among men. They were called mouches, and were made round, square, oval, and in the shape of stars, hearts, crescents, and animals of all sorts.

SCANDO.—**The measurement of hilly** ground seems to have received but little attention by writers on land surveying, and the little they have said on the subject has been neither mathematically true nor of any practical value. We think, however, that there should be no question that the superficial area should be measured, and not the horizontal, as is usually done by ordinary land-surveyors. In all scientific surveys the inclined plane or convex surface of hills, as the case may be, is always measured. The extra trouble in measuring and planning hilly ground seems to be the material objection against measuring the real surface; but this should weigh but little with the integrity of the measurer.

R. M.—**You wish to know "whether** there is such a thing as genius," many of your friends holding a negative opinion. Of course there is; the existence of the word proves it. Thus, Watts, the inventor of the steam-engine was taken up with investigating and experimenting when a mere boy; and a chemist we know was actually a fairly knowing little chemist at ten years of age. These boys did not take to athletic sports, or reading, or music. Pope wrote poetry when ten, and Johnson moralized at twelve. So, if we take the good old Pauline explanation of "genius," as having "gifts differing one from another," we must allow its existence.

LISSIE.—**Of course, a girl cannot be** too careful in her dealings with a young man, especially if she has no friends at hand to consult; but as far as we can understand your letter, he seems to be acting straight-forwardly enough. It would, however, be advisable to let him understand that you wish the marriage to take place at once, or there must be an end to the engagement. Six years is quite long enough for an engagement to last, unless the young man is not in a position to marry, in which case it would be far better to wait another six years, if necessary, than to do anything rashly. You are both still very young, and can therefore afford to wait a little. If you have any real reason to suppose that he is merely playing about with you, you should break off the connection without delay.

CLOVE CARNATIONS.

BY A. H. B.

Imperial blooms of blood-red hue,
Fragrant as spice-breeze of the West;
Fit flowers to crown proud Queen July—
To rest upon her haughty breast!

Rich, living jewels ye, sweet blooms—
Flower rubies, ruddier than the gem
That flashes sparks of crimson fire
From out a monarch's diadem!

I'll twine ye with a jasmine spray,
Pure as the breast of snow-white dove,
And, adding one blush tinted rose,
Send the sweet bouquet to my love.

"I:" With Variations.

BY S. U. W.

IN the old School-room, April 3rd, 18—. My governess, Miss Macpherson, advises me to keep a journal. She says it may be an assistance to memory and self-training; and Miss Emily added, "To self-renunciation also, Miss Earncliffe." Miss Macpherson shook her head very gravely, though she said nothing while I was present; all the girls know that Miss Emily's High Church tendencies find no favor with our lady principal.

I have never kept a journal, so I am at a loss how to begin. Perhaps, when I have written a few pages, I shall improve. At first I shall never be able to

Stand forth, and with a bold spirit relate

the thoughts and incidents of my daily life. To-morrow I bid adieu to school-days, and say farewell to all the faces I have known so long. I wonder what my new life has in store for me.

Shall I ever be so quietly happy anywhere else? Never mind—I won't sentimentalize over my school-girl affections; I should only get laughed at, for nobody puts much faith in them. I wonder if I am pretty? I will go to the glass, and try to imagine I am somebody else looking at myself. If we only had the "giftie" Burns sighs for, and could

See oursels as ithers see us,

perhaps it would make us very miserable; it is such a comfort for ugly people not to be aware of the fact.

* * * * * *

I have just returned from the looking-glass, and am very little wiser than I was before. I don't think I am handsome. My eyes are dark and bright, my complexion is clear, but my mouth is large. Then my hair would spoil the prettiest face in Christendom—it is neither red nor brown, whilst no amount of brushing will make it lie smoothly.

I know I am not clever. I can play a little, and sing a little—"A correct but not brilliant preformer," Herr Fugue would say. My French might pass muster in a crowd; my German—Fraulein's look of compassionate misery is a sufficient answer, even if the bad marks at the end of my exercises did not stand as monuments of my stupidity. I have had lessons in drawing, too, which have developed a talent for caricaturing objects which I had no idea I possessed. I have been through the "ologies"; but I fear a strict examination in any of them would find me very deficient. Oh, dear! How shall I manage in the world without beauty or learning?

Deerwood is to be my home till my father returns from India. Uncle and aunt Earncliffe live there. They have two children, who are like a brother and sister to me. I love them dearly. Percy is twenty-four, Beatrice nineteen—two years older than I am. She is very lovely, with fair, sunny hair, and blue eyes, while her mouth is just perfection. Percy is too "pretty" for a man—I mean he is not the kind of man I admire. I like men to look strong and firm. Percy says he shall expect his wife to take a great deal of care of him. That, I think, is a mistake of his—he will put the burden on the wrong shoulders. I am very glad Miss Macpherson has not come in while I have been writing this, and asked to see it, as she does our letters. She would call it sad waste of time, and no help to "self-training."

Deerwood, April 5th.—I arrived at Linport without accident or adventure. Traveling is so very matter-of-fact now that it seems difficult to distil much romance out of it. If our ancestors could have looked forward to the time when a hundred and sixty miles would be put a morning's journey, they would have called it a fearful "tempting of Providence."

At the station I found Beatrice with the pony carriage, waiting to drive me to the Hall. As she came forward quickly to meet me I thought I had never seen her look so pretty. She wore a black velvet dress, and it set off her fair complexion admirably.

"Here you are, dear little minnikin!" she said, giving me a great squeeze and a kiss on either cheek. "But you are as pale as a ghost! I'm delighted you have obtained your emancipation in time. You make me quite ashamed of my substantial proportions, mite."

"Five feet five—a huge mite!" I rejoined, laughing. "Trixy, you must find a new name for me."

"That is what I intend to do," she said, nodding her head sagely. "It is so inconvenient to have two Miss Earncliffes in one establishment; indeed, to tell you the truth, I hope the name has arrived by this train."

"How ridiculous, Trixy!" I exclaimed; then, "Why, there is Percy!"

"Of course there he is; but you are not expected to see him. He has come to meet his friend Mr. Seaton."

"There is a gentleman with him," I said.

"Yes, yes; but don't look at him. Come with me—John will attend to your luggage. Come, Nellie."

Nothing loath—for I was very tired—I followed Beatrice out of the station to the carriage. Percy was there before us.

"Go away, Percy!" said she, excitedly, as we took our seats. "I told you not to come near us. Now we shall have that duke man keeping us ever so long in the wind!"

Percy laughed, and begged her not to scold him for doing his duty to two lonely ladies; and then, spreading the rug over our dresses, he raised his hat and departed to join his friend, who stood waiting at the station door.

"There," said Beatrice, pettishly, "he has spoiled everything!"

I asked her what she meant, but she was so busy with the reins that she did not hear me, and in another minute we were rolling along the open country road at a pace that prevented much conversation. The ball door flew open as Beatrice reined up her ponies before it, and aunt Mary stood waiting to receive me.

"Welcome home, my other daughter!" she said, kissing me warmly. "We will do all we can to make it a happy one to you."

"It always has been the happiest of homes to me, aunt Mary," I replied, returning her caresses.

After making various inquiries respecting my journey, we were ordered upstairs.

"Nellie is tired, no doubt," said my aunt; "so Jenner shall bring her some tea, Beatrice, and then she can help her to dress for dinner."

"Very well, mamma," and Beatrice seized me round the waist, and danced me away. "You will not know minnikin when I bring her down presently," she added, looking over her shoulder—"she is bent upon conquest."

"Remember!" warned aunt Mary, holding up her finger.

Beatrice laughed lightly.

"What are you plotting now?" I asked.

"Plotting! Nellie, I am shocked at you. But—

'Hark! I hear the sound of couches—
The hour of attack approaches!'"

and, turning me suddenly round, my cousin hurried me again.

It did not take us long to don dressing-gown and slippers, and then we sat down for a cozy chat by the fire.

"Now we will have a good warm," said Beatrice, plying the poker vigorously; "for, though it is April, I'm as cold as charity. Does not your conscience reproach you, mite?"

"With what?" I queried.

"With what! Why, keeping me waiting in the wind while you took stock of our ducal visitor!"

"A most unjust accusation, Trixy; I shall not waste breath to refute it. Tell me who are coming this Easter."

"The Marchmonts, Traceys, and Vernons, as usual; then there are mamma's special cronies, and Percy has invited some friends of his own—so we shall have quite a houseful. At present Marmaduke Seaton is the only arrival."

"Who is he?" he asked.

"Thereby hangs a tale," answered my cousin, with a funny little grimace. "You cousin, with a funny little grimace. "You cousin, with a funny little grimace. "You

if I had not heard love was very pertinacious. Don't I know, Nellie, you sly child, why you would not accompany us on our expedition this morning? It was so much pleasanter taking a quiet drive with mamma, was it not, especially as the Duke drove? What absurd notions have you taken into your head about Percy? He is shocked of course, as we all are, at your conduct with his friend. But you need not think I mind it, mite. You are welcome to your bargain. I did hope he would have been nice, and then I should have minded; indeed, I had planned it all. Now, mite, don't do anything foolish—be sure you don't!

* * * * * *

May-day.—Oh, Beatrice, where shall I hide my book away from you? What a tease she is, my naughty cousin! It will never do to trust my journal with any secret, if I cannot keep it quite to myself. I must make her promise not to touch it again.

I hope Percy does not really think I am flirting with Mr. Seaton—I am sure I am not. Something is wrong—I only wish I knew what. I asked Mr. Seaton if he knew what was the matter with Percy. He looked at me very earnestly for a minute, and then, with a comical smile and odd little flash of the eyes, said, "Yes, I can guess."

"Is it anything bad?" I asked.

"It is possible," he answered.

"Do you think I have offended him?" I foolishly persisted. "Do you think he is angry with me?"

His reply made my face flush crimson.

"Who could be angry with you, dearest?" And, so saying, he dropped the rose he had been holding into my lap, and left the room.

When I raised my head he was gone, and Percy stood in the doorway. I called to him, but he turned away without speaking. Beatrice only laughs when I tell her, and says I have too fertile an imagination.

* * * * * *

I am frightened at myself. I have a secret—I found it out yesterday. I love Marmaduke Seaton! Nobody knows but myself. Sometimes I wish I did not either. Oh, I was so happy before! It was so pleasant to sit and talk with him! Now I tremble whenever he approaches me, and I am filled with shame and fear. He called me "dearest," but it may have been only a mistake—he went away directly.

Last night we walked for an hour under the limes and beeches in the avenue, watching the moon rise over City Hill, flooding Deer Hollow with a bright silvery radiance that made the trees look weird and ghostly. In some bushes near a nightingale sat singing, and down in the Hollow, among the dark firs, the owls were hooting dismally. The wind was very still—not a leaf stirred, except when a squirrel jumped up from the long grass at our approach, and scampered up a tree, rustling the leaves with his bushy tail, and uttering sharp little cries of

> "Feigned alarm,
> And anger insignificantly fierce."

Once I saw a shadow come stealing out from under the trees, and pause on the edge of the mere; then it plunged into the shining waters, disturbing the smooth surface, and leaving a trail of eddying ripples behind it.

"What is it?" I asked, half frightened.

"Only a deer crossing the lake to rejoin his companions," said Mr. Seaton.

"No doubt Eleanor had begun to weave a wonderful tragedy out of it," said Beatrice, laughing merrily.

"Did you think it was some despairing swain, dying for love of some flaunting Phillida? Or did you imagine it was the ghost of the Lady Anne whom the servants insist still wanders by the lake?"

"A family ghost!" exclaimed Mr. Seaton, gaily, before I could speak. "Earncliffe, you should have told me. Fancy my fright at an unexpected rencontre with this Lady Anne."

"You surely are not troubled with nervousness?" Beatrice inquired.

"Fortunately, no. But come, Earncliffe, give us the ghostly story. You could not have a better time or place for it; this cold moonlight and the heavy shadows will aid our imaginations, and we are not too far from the house to seek its shelter if we are seriously alarmed. Come, begin, man."

"The place, if not the time, is appropriate," answered Percy, "for yonder is the spot where the tragedy which ends the story was enacted. Will it frighten you if I tell you, Nellie?" he asked, turning to me.

"Nonsense, Percy; you know I have heard it many times," was the pettish reply.

"I will protect you from her ladyship's ghost," said Mr. Seaton, with comic gallantry, and, taking my hand, he drew it through his arm; but his tone changed as he softly whispered, "I would I might always be your protector."

"Do you want to hear the story?" asked Percy, sharply.

I looked at him as he stood in the moonlight; he was white and angry—at what?

"Yes, tell it us, Percy," I said; "it is so long since I heard it that I have almost forgotten it. And thank you for your offer, Mr. Seaton," I added, withdrawing my hand; "but I shall need even more protection than you can give if the ghost appears."

"I wish she would," said Beatrice, laughing; "I should like to make a few inquiries respecting my ancestors. Now, Percy, begin, please."

"We are an old family, though whether the Conqueror found us here when he came, or we came over with him, I am not quite certain; of one thing there is no possible doubt, like our neighbors we are descendants of Adam, I believe there are various narrations of marvellous achievements both in field and flood treasured up in the family archives, but I have never found time—nay, inclination—to examine them. The tale I am about to relate is the only one I know, and it was told me by an old retainer of the family when I was a lad.

"In the years seventeen hundred and something, when Queen Anne sat on the throne of England and was ruled by her waiting women, the Earncliffes were three in family. First there was Percival Earncliffe, the Squire, a stout, merry-hearted old man, fonder of good living and the chase than politics. He had one son, George, a fine handsome fellow of some six-and-twenty, a Captain in the Army, and high in favor with Marlborough. Lastly came Anne, a dainty, fairy creature, with blue eyes and chestnut locks, who had turned the heads of all the gallants far and near. Little cared mistress Anne that the country swains knelt sighing at her feet—their love lines served but as food to her vanity, and the flowers that often accompanied them were tossed away disdainfully.

"Anne was terribly ambitious. During a short stay in London her beauty had attracted the notice of Lord Edward Fitzclarence, a nobleman of some standing at Court, but whose character was anything but sans reproche. He proposed for her hand, but was scornfully rejected by her father. Anne was madly angry when she was told of her lover's dismissal; she swore to be true to and marry him if he would be faithful to her. Lord Edward promised willingly. Anne's ample fortune was too tempting a bait to the needy young nobleman to be lightly thrown away. In time his lady-love might persuade her father to revoke the sentence; if not, his consent must be done without, and the lovers would trust to chance.

"To take his daughter out of the reach of danger, Squire Earncliffe and his family returned to Deerwood, but 'love laughs at locksmiths.' Lord Edward had arranged to meet Anne once a month, at midnight, in Deer Hollow; his signal was to be a peculiar whistle, long and shrill—a light in the bow window of the gallery being agreed upon as her answer.

"Months passed, and Lord Edward began to weary of his lonely midnight watches; the lady was imperious too, and not the pliable creature he had at first thought her. One April night, after a somewhat stormy interview, he obtained Mistress Anne's consent to his making another appeal to her father. A more positive refusal than the first was the Squire's answer, coupled with a threat that, if his daughter Anne married without his consent, she would never cross his threshold again, or touch a farthing of his money.

"Yet once again the pair met by the side of the lake. An old moon shone in the sky; the wind sighed mournfully among the fir trees; it was the only sound, except the soft plash of the waters lying darkly at their feet; everything living seemed to have deserted the spot but themselves—even the owls were silent that night. Voices which had begun the conversation in gentle murmurings were at last raised high in recrimination—words of passionate anger broke the stillness of night. Lord Edward, finding his hopes of a fortune blighted, resolved to withdraw himself from the engagement without the loss of time. With many plausible regrets he told her he could not subject her to such a hard fate as he with him would be; he was too poor, he said, to keep a wife, and his Anne had been used to a life of luxury.

"I have told you Lady Anne was obstinate; she refused to hear his excuses, and declared that neither father nor brother should separate them, till at last Lord Edward turned upon her in fury and proclaimed the truth—He loved her for her money, and that alone; with it was gone all her value in her eyes.

"Like an enraged tigress, the young beauty turned upon him.

"'Traitor!' she said. 'As man's love is nothing to woman's love, so his hate is nothing to her hate. The Earncliffes never forget an inquiry. Be sure I shall remember this one. Go, seek another dupe! Go, coward!'

"He turned to leave her, half terrified at her rage. As he did so she sprang upon him. There was a splash in the water; wider and wider spread the circles over it, till they faded out, and not even an eddy on its smooth surface betrayed the secret of their fate.

"There—now you have had the story of Mistress Anne. I hope it has fulfilled your expectations, Duke," said Percy, when he had finished.

"Well—on the whole, yes. But how in the world was the story made known if there was no witnesses?"

"A bird of the air, no doubt, was the medium," answered Percy, lightly; "or perhaps the ghost itself may have communicated the facts to some one. Now, Nellie, take my arm, and we will return to more cheerful regions. Does not your flesh creep in terror, lest the ghost should flit past us?"

"No, indeed," I answered, laughing, and, taking his proffered arm, we returned to the house, leaving Beatrice to follow with Mr. Seaton.

* * * * * *

Hearing the story of the Lady Anne made me dream very strangely last night. I thought I was walking in the moonlight by the side of the lake, when Mr. Seaton came up to me, and wanted me to marry him; but, before I could answer, cousin Percy joined us and, forbidding me to answer Mr. Seaton, asked me to be his wife. Percy looked so wild that I said "Yes" in fear. I had scarcely consented, when a beautiful lady stood before me; she was most lovely, though her eyes were so sad and wistful it almost made the tears come in mine to look at them. Raising her hand, she half sung, half said—

> "If Earncliffe cousins married be,
> They shall live in enmity:
> Wedded strife for wedded love,
> Wedded life shall bitter prove."

Then she sprang forward and sank beneath the waters. In my terror I screamed: that woke me. Dreams are certainly odd things.

* * * * * *

Variation the Third.—This will be a more complete variation on Nellie's "I" than any that have gone before it. She has forced a solemn promise from me that, if I meddle with her journal, I will not read any of its contents, so that I cannot comment on what she had written.

I have discovered what is the matter with my ridiculous brother Percy. He is in love, and jealous. Poor old Percy! I shall persuade papa that he needs a change, and get him to go yachting, mountain-climbing, or something equally stirring. I am not surprised; it is dangerous to have a pretty cousin always in the way of such an inflammable personage. But he will survive the disappointment and be none the worse. The Duke's is a different kind of love; I hope nothing will go wrong in that quarter, for he is devoted to Nellie, and he is one of those men who love once for all. I had grown fond of Marmaduke Seaton—there is good sterling stuff in him. He reminds me of dear—— But that is my secret at present. There will be no peace in the house till these troublesome gentlemen have got their answers. I don't think there is much doubt as to what the Duke's will be; I think Nellie will accept him.

It is a happy thing for Eleanor that Mr. Seaton loves her; we are the only relations she has except her father, and he is so devoted to his Indian life that when he will come home is doubtful. Aunt Ellen died when mite was a baby, and she has been mamma's child ever since. How mamma will stare when the love-plot going on so long before her eyes is discovered! I am sure she has not an idea of such a thing. I often tell her she is not a bit of assistance to her daughters in the way of matchmaking.

From the window before I can see Nellie sauntering up the garden; she has taken off her hat, and the sun is glinting on her bonny chestnut hair, making it look like gold. Ah! two gentlemen have spied her—Percy from one side the laurel hedge, Marmaduke from the other. Which will reach her first?

On she comes, quite unconscious of the emulation she is exciting. Ah, gallantly done, Duke! And those roses are reward enough for any man. Percy is not to be outdone—he too has leaped the hedge, quite oblivious of the good old proverb, "Two is company, three is none." Here they come, so I will put Nellie's book out of sight.

* * * * * *

May 20th.—This was what I found when I opened my book to write to-day:—

"My little Love.—Your cousin Beatrice says this will be the safest, surest way of sending my note, but I am not to turn a leaf either backwards or forwards—this page is to suffice me for the present. It is your journal, dear Beatrice tells me. How I long to search its pages, and discover if one—I only care for one—secret has been entrusted to its keeping! Have you told it that you love me, Eleanor? Do you, dear? How impatiently I wait till you answer me 'Yes,' or 'No'! Where will you meet me, love? Under the limes to night? If—I cannot bear to think it—if I am so unfortunate, pin something red in your dress for 'No.' Don't speak it, Eleanor—it would pain me so. Which will it be? Am I your own? "MARMADUKE?"

May 21st.—I cried for joy over my letter yesterday, and Trixy caught me.

"What a little goose you are, Nellie!" she said. "Why, you should laugh instead of cry! It is no news to me, you know, mite, and it has made me very happy."

It was such a lovely evening when I joined Marmaduke under the limes; the sun was setting; and the western sky was flooded with a crimson light that tinted everything with rose color.

"It is 'Yes,'" said Marmaduke, when he met me, taking my hands in his. "It is 'Yes,' little love—is it not?—or you would not be here."

"It is 'Yes,'" I answered, without looking up, "if you love me."

"Love you!"

I cannot write down his answer, nor anything we said. We must have been a long time in the garden, though it did not seem so, for the sun was setting when I went out, and when I got back to my room there were patches of moonlight across the floor.

* * * * * *

This morning Percy came to me in the library and asked me to marry him. I was so surprised and so sorry. I told him that I was engaged to Mr. Seaton, but that, if I had not been, it would have made no difference—that I had always looked upon him as my brother. He was very angry at first, telling me that I was cruel and heartless, that I had shaken his faith in woman, and that he could never love again.

"You do not know what love is, Eleanor!" he exclaimed, marching up and down the room. "You are like the rest of your sex—the richest man is always the one to win, while poor beggars like myself, without money or looks, and only true hearts to boast of, go to the wall."

I could not help laughing, because Percy is both rich and good-looking; but he forgot that in his excitement.

"You laugh," he cried, angrily; "but you would not if you were not a heartless flirt."

"Percy," I said, "forgive me if I have displeased you. Let me still be your sister. Go away for a little while, and when you come back to my wedding by-and-by you will have forgotten all this, and we shall be friends again."

Poor Percy, he was so angry with me, he could say no more; biting his lip fiercely, he left the room.

I should be grieved indeed if I thought he really loved me as—as Marmaduke does; but I know Percy has been in love so many times.

* * * * * *

Variation the Last.—I have been telling Nellie that it is quite out of the question for a married woman to keep a journal; therefore this one must come to an end. I am, after all, not to be disappointed—the wedding is to be this summer. Percy is gone away to find his senses, and will, I have no doubt, be back in time to stand "best man" to his friend. Mamma is in the seventh heaven of delight, as she always is if she is overwhelmed with business. She says, though papa and herself have consented, Eleanor must not consider herself engaged to Duke until she has an answer from from India; but that is all nonsense, as I tell Willie—yes, that is his name!—nor do I think mamma takes it into serious consideration, for she is making very extensive preparations to-

wards a trousseau. And so, having struck the concluding chords of the symphony, my literary labor ends.

Mlle. Antonia.

BY S. S.

UPON the posters which hung on the outside of the carriage she was styled: Mlle. Antonia, Somnambule Extraordinaire.

Her mother called her Zette—her real name was Susanne.

She was a pretty girl, not very large, with fair complexion, and long black hair, that she let float about her during her consultations, though ordinarily she wore it in a loose coil upon the nape of a neck that was perfect.

Never having done much work, her hands were delicate and well-shaped—she was enough of a coquette to wish to keep them so. She had a finely modelled form, and to have seen her simply dressed in some quiet color, with the gait of a wise little work woman, one would never have suspected her strange calling.

Her mother, Mme. Floury, was as little like others of her class as her daughter. About her there was nothing in common with the shrews who frequent fairs in red dresses and soiled skirts. She had the air of a little merchant who was good and proper, with a winning, honest smile, and people stopped before the carriage, and even entered there (without thinking of the charlatanism on the posters) in order to see the interior of this small dwelling that smelled so sweet.

The vehicle was painted brown, with a thread of gold running the length of the plinths. There was a tiny balcony in front of it, and on this balcony convolvulus and nasturtium vines, planted in boxes, twined about wires up to the roof, where they clustered in bright-hued bunches.

Along the route persons stared in amazement at this queer coach all covered with garlands of flowers.

The two women were always together, but associated very little with their neighbors. They were not proud, and having the best of hearts were the first to offer to care for a sick child, or to give to others in distress. Indeed, the foreigners who knew them well loved them sincerely, even though they did feel somewhat oppressed by what they termed "their grand manners."

There was, however, some one who was all devotion to Zette and her mother.

It was a young gymnast of 22, in a large traveling circus, that had very nearly the same itinerary as Mme. Floury. His name was Jacques, but on the play bills they spelled it Jack. He was exceedingly handsome, and of no common type. There was fire in his eyes and much intelligence in his smile. There was, too, much tenderness in this same smile, especially when he spoke to Zette. His love for this pretty brunette—so unlike any other woman he had seen about him in his wandering life—was very sincere.

Near her he felt himself quite another man to what he was in the circus. There was such an atmosphere of honesty surrounding Zette that his own manners, when with her, were altogether different from what they had been, and he was astonished at how well they became him.

Then, too, he had dreamed of being loved by this sweet girl, and of never being separated from her. Their positions accorded admirably. His salary was good, and some day perhaps he might enter one of the great circuses of Lyons or Paris. It would be charming to find so sweet a little wife awaiting his coming after his work was done.

He had often spoken to Zette of these plans. He loved her so dearly that it could not be possible she did not love him at least a little.

Zette always listened silently, visibly touched by what she heard, as he thought each time she would say "yes," but when he had finished by asking, with such pleading in his eyes: "Will you be my wife, Zette?" she replied very gravely, "No."

Then Jacques would be astonished. Why not? Could it be that she did not believe him when he said he loved her—that she had no confidence in him—that she did not love him?

"Yes, I love you," Zette answered sweetly, "but I do not wish to marry you."

And she would never say why.

One day, however, Mme. Floury chained her for refusing the hand of this brave lad.

"Listen, mother," she said, "I adore Jacques, and I believe I shall always remain single because I do not wish to marry him. Do you remember the day when we went to the circus? I saw, as we entered, how all the women who were there turned their lorgnettes toward him, and afterward they smiled and talked about him, and tried to attract his attention by applauding him. I ought, perhaps, to have been proud to think that this man whom they all wanted, loved me, and that I had only to say the word to be his wife. Ah, well, in my heart there was nothing but jealousy. I wanted to tear the lorgnettes away from those women. From what I suffered that evening I understood how much more I might suffer if we were married. No, that cannot be. He is too handsome, see? Suppose, some day, when he had grown tired of me, one of those women should take him from me. I would die, surely. You know now, mother, why I cannot say yes."

But notwithstanding this obstinate refusal, which he could not explain, Jacques came every day. He no longer mentioned the subject to Zette, understanding that he was contending against a fixed resolve, except once when he said to her:

"You will not have me, Zette, and I do not wish any other woman. Some day, though, you may change your mind, and then you need only hold out your hand and say to me: 'Let us be married,' and it will make me happy."

So after thus simply settling the affair Jacques was like a brother in the house. It was he who in the spring time planted the seeds in the boxes upon the little balcony; it was he who twined the tendrils about the wires, and it was he who, at all seasons, furnished the gilded porcelain vases that held the flowers.

These flowers were a great luxury to Zette.

This state of things did not long continue, however. The young girl was now 20 and Jacques 26. One evening he presented his friends with tickets to the circus. It was the last day of a long continued fair, and Zette and her mother had nothing to do. So they decked themselves in their best and went early.

Mme. Floury was much amused with the horses, the rope-dancers, the clowns, the trained dogs. Zette thought only of Jacques, whose name on the programme occupied a line to itself, and whose apparatus was hanging up at the top of the high tent. The latter consisted of bars, with copper balls that shone, a maze of trapezes, ropes and pulleys, and the young girl, a little frightened, inquired if it was all secure.

At last the first part of the performance was over, and keeping time to a slow waltz, Jacques appeared. He was as beautiful as a god in his silk tights that displayed to advantage his superbly moulded form, and for the rest, his costume consisted of a black satin calecon, spangled with gold.

After having responded by a bow to the applause of the crowd, and by a smile to Zette's smile, he darted up a rope to his trapeze.

The preliminaries were gone through with amid prolonged bravos, for the handsome gymnast was a great favorite, and it was truly a pleasure to see him act—the supple body so pliant, yet so marvellously exact in its movements.

Then there came silence—even the orchestra was still.

It was to be the hit of the evening, and a new feat that was to give an added glory to the circus. He was to leap from one trapeze to another, with his face and head covered, then suddenly drop from this giddy height upon a net stretched below him. The trapezes were swinging with a regular movement. Jacques, standing on a little board, his head enveloped in a black velvet bag, put forth his hand blindly. The crowd held its breath. The man was going to jump—he had jumped!

A piercing cry rent the air.

Missing the second trapeze, which had been badly regulated, Jacques fell to the net, but it proved too frail to support his weight, and, striking upon the seats, he rolled to the ground, where he lays motionless.

With a cry of horror Zette sprang to her feet, right and pale, her eyes fixed upon the spot where the men were now carrying away the apparently lifeless body of her friend.

Then suddenly seizing her mother's arm: "Come," she said in a hollow voice.

Breaking through the crowd they two were finally at the stables, but were there refused admission. For a long while they remained at the entrance, listening to what was said around them, but no one knew anything. Finally Mme. Floury saw a clown whom she recognized as one of Jacques' friends. He was just coming out of the refreshment room when she called him.

"The net broke the force of the fall," said the man, whose face looked troubled even under the paint. "The doctors says he will be lame for life and that this ends for him his profession as a gymnast. Poor fellow! But he has something laid up for a rainy day."

Mme. Floury looked at Zette; she was very pale, and her eyes were fixed upon the man as he spoke as though trying to find if he lied. At last she said, "Let us go."

And thanking the clown by a gesture, she felt the circus.

The two women did not speak as they traversed the grounds of the fair, and they were still silent as they ascended their own little stairway. But when Mme. Floury had lighted the candle she saw Zette sitting beside the bed, with a strange smile on her lips. She felt frightened for her, and went to her.

"Of what are you thinking, little daughter?" she asked, trying to reassure herself.

Then Zette laid her head upon her mother's shoulder, with a child like gesture.

"I think—that now I can marry Jacques," she told her.

MACREADY'S IRRITABILITY.—The irritability of temper of Macready, the well known actor, was excessive—indeed, he himself, in his diary, has admitted and deplored the unfortunate infirmity in this respect to which he was subject.

He was, too, a great stickler for historical accuracy, as regards both scenery and costume, in any play in which he appeared, and he invariably insisted upon the other performers, male and female, dressing the characters they represented in strict conformity with his views.

On one occasion, says a writer in the Theatre, he was to play Virginius, a favorite part of his, and undoubtedly one of his finest impersonations.

Mrs. Coleman Pope was to be the Virginia, and, thinking to give herself a more juvenile appearance, she decided to wear ringlets, for which purpose she put her hair in curl papers. During the morning rehearsal, the season being winter and the theatre rather cold and draughty, she kept on her bonnet. Bonnets were bonnets in those days, covering the whole of the head, and coming well forward over the face.

Macready consequently did not observe at the time the condition of her hair.

When night came, however, and he met Mrs. Pope in the green-room, dressed for Virginia, and perceived the ringlets, he was horrified.

"My dear madam," he burst out, in his nervous, excitable manner, "this will never do! No Roman woman, maid or matron, ever wore her hair in that style. It must be altered at once!"

"I am very sorry, Mr. Macready, that it does not meet with your approval," was the reply; "but what am I to do? It is too late to make any alteration now. It will curl."

"But it must not, I tell you, madam!" retorted the great tragedian, angrily. "You cannot go on the stage as you are. Ah, I have it!" he continued, after a moment's pause. "Let some one get a bowl of water, put your head in it for a few minutes, and it will no longer curl."

Mrs. Pope was not a little indignant at the suggestion; but Macready was an autocrat from whose decisions there was no appeal, and whose request, or rather command, had to be complied with, the result being that the lady caught a pretty severe cold.

WHAT IS THE COLOR OF GOLD?—Many people suppose that all gold is alike when refined, but this is not the case. An experienced man can tell at a glance from what part of the world a gold piece comes, and, in some cases, from what part of a particular gold district the metal is obtained. The Australian gold, for instance, is distinctly redder than that from California. Again the gold obtained from the "placers" is more yellow than that which is taken directly from the quartz. Why this should be the case is one of the mysteries of metallurgy, for the placer gold all comes from the veins. The Ural gold is the reddest found anywhere. How people know the real color of gold, as it is seldom seen unless heavily alloyed, which renders it redder than when pure.

There is no article made, that purity is as important in as soap. Thousands however, buy cheap adulterated soaps, to save a few cents and lose dollars in clothing. Dobbins' Electric Soap, perfectly pure, saves dollars.

At Home and Abroad.

In Randolph township, Crawford county, Pa., at a Sheriff's sale, a span of good work horses are said to have sold for 30 cents, a good top buggy for 15 cents; a wagon brought 26, a 125 pound pig brought two cents a pound, and three chickens sold for ten cents each.

The discovery of a way by which facial blemishes may be obliterated has given the European detective forces a great deal of difficulty in identifying well-known criminals. By these operations the whole character of the facial expression is sometimes changed by a few deft insertions of a lancet. The wounds heal in a very short time and in most cases can never be noticed. The criminal fraternity are not slow to take advantage of this knowledge, and, in consequence, the descriptions in the possession of the detectives cannot always be depended upon.

Through a London paper it is learned that an American woman has lately received what must be termed the most original of wedding presents. It is a musical dinner service, which each plate begins to play a tune when put upon the table. The soup plates are accredited with marches, as suiting the temper of the guests at that moment of solemnity; but, as dinner progresses, and the wine and courses do their enlivening work, the harmonies brighten accordingly, till at dessert the covers are ringing out the maddest of polkas and galops.

Fishermen off the coast of the Italian peninsula of Istria have frequently discovered that their nets are torn by what seems to be fragments of submarine masonry. Accordingly, the city authorities of Robigno recently sent down a diver to investigate. At a depth of 30 feet he found himself in a submerged city, with streets and squares laid out. The doors and windows of the half ruined houses were almost hidden by seaweed. Archæologists identify this lost city with the island and city of Cissa, which Pliny described, but of which no trace had been found since the days of the Cæsars.

A good story of the bliss being severely bitten comes from Russia. A large crowd were watching some games, among the spectators being a tall, powerfully-built man who was leaning against a railing. Suddenly he felt a hand slipped into his pocket, doubtless in search of a valuable silver snuff box he had just been using. He took no notice, but raising himself on tip-toe for a moment, he sat down quickly on the top of the rail, and also on top of the hand in his pocket. The thief struggled hard to release himself, his captor meanwhile being apparently oblivious of the wrenches and twistings going on underneath him. At last the pain became too great to be borne, and the pick-pocket cried out in agony. Then the man got up saying, as the wretched creature behind him drew out his hand all blue and swollen, "Another time you will keep your fingers out of other people's pockets."

The main features of the Chicago World's Fair are a mass of ruins. The Transportation, Women's, Fisheries and Horticultural Buildings have been completely destroyed, and in their places the visitor finds many signs telling of "Kindling Wood for Sale at $1 per Load." The iron framework of the Machinery Buildings constitutes the most imposing ruin that remains standing, and in meshes of the gigantic network of beams and braces the sparrows and orioles have built their nests. Another standing skeleton is the Government Building, never noted for any beauty of design, and now more ugly than ever. The Mining and Administration buildings have so completely collapsed as to bear no sign of their original outlines, and it will be a relief to the eye when their wreckage is finally cleared away in the entire park. There are few beautiful spots left. Only the natural features of the landscape, such as the wooded island and the lagoons, retain their former attractiveness.

$100 Reward, $100.

[illegible]

Our Young Folks.

BABIES AND PLAY-MATES.

BABIES are, without knowing it, the most fearless creatures that ever lived. I have no doubt that Shakespeare's babies tried to poke his eyes out, or that Wellington's pulled his nose. It is said by those who know him best that the infant Hercules strangled the two snakes sent by Juno to destroy him, the strapping child sitting up in his cradle and seizing one in each hand and squeezing it by the neck until it was dead.

This Herculean exploit was brought to mind by an account that appeared in one of the newspapers not long ago of an extraordinary adventure that befell an eighteen months old baby in the colony of Victoria. I unfortunately the historian is silent upon the sex of this heroic baby. He speaks throughout of "the child" and "it" which seems to show that he had the best of all reasons for writing in this mysterious fashion, namely, that he did not know himself whether "it" was a boy or a girl. "It" belonged, however, to Mr. and Mrs. Ware, who resided in the town of [illegible].

It seems that one night after the child had been put in its little bed—to distinguish it, of course, from the great bed of Ware the mother was more than surprised to hear "it" laughing heartily. Merriment in bed is not wrong, but it is unusual, and mamma went into the room for the laudable purpose of enjoying the joke. But all she saw was the child stretching over the crib-head, trying to catch something.

Being somewhat nervous, Mrs. Ware carried the child into the kitchen, as she was unable to detect any cause of laughter either in the infant or herself, and did not like to leave the latter alone in its then excited state. She went back for the feeding bottle, and was astonished to find it empty. As this could hardly have made the child laugh—being, in fact, better fitted, if anything, to make "it" cry—she very properly tried to learn what had become of the contents of the bottle.

At this moment something fell off the bed with a dull sort of thud, and, on stooping to see what it was, she narrowly escaped being bitten by a large snake. She retreated at once, but, like a well-behaved woman, shut the door behind her.

When Mr. Ware came home he determined to reduce the number of serpents in that part of the civilized world by one. Therefore he placed a lighted candle on the bedroom floor and then bade his wife play a tune or two on the harmonium, thinking that this might the snake be lured from his hole in "come-and-be-killed" kind of arrangement. But though music hath charms to soothe the savage breast, the old serpent was too wily, and he declined to glide into the bedroom.

However, Mr. Ware was not at the end of his resources. The harmonium having proved a failure, he resolved to try the sewing machine, which has such strange persuasive powers over cobras. After five minutes of wool-sustained white a hideous reptile was seen to crawl across the floor towards the lighted candle, and in less time than I take to write the words, there was one dead snake, four and a half feet long, lying upon the boards.

Then the spirit of inquiry revived. The child, being brought in to see the serpent, fell a laughing, just as it had done an hour or two before. The parents were satisfied that this was the cause of the merriment, and they had also reason to believe that "it" had been in the habit of playing with the reptile for some time past. On the other hand, the snake had managed to find its way to the feeding bottle, and that is why it had grown used to appearing shortly after the child's bedtime.

This incident was published as true, and, though a remarkable story, I see no reason to disbelieve it. And it shows that Baby Ware was as plucky in "its" way as the infant Hercules was in his, with this difference in the young Australian's favor that "it" certainly lived and moved and had its being, while of Hercules we may say, in the words of Betsy Prig in "Martin Chuzzlewit," "I don't believe there's no such person."

Now having seen what a human baby can do in the way of killing a playmate in a frolic, mischievous, horrid thing, we [illegible] to see what it can do when it means no harm. It shall be no less true than the other, but a great deal less grim, some. It shall also be of babies, though not human—nor inhuman either—as you shall find.

One of these infants was a kitten, the other was a chicken. The kitten had been taken from its mother at the usual age, and given to its present owner by a ploughman. The chicken was the sole survivor of a respectable family, and on the death of its mother (whole fate it is not necessary to inquire into too closely) was cast upon the cold world—alone, unprotected, and uncared for. When these two orphans were thrown together it need not surprise us, perhaps, that the sense of their common misfortune proved stronger than the more usual instinctive feelings of hostility, and they grew very much attached to each other. They ate off one plate, drank from the same saucer, and played for hours together. Often during these amusing gambols might the head of the chicken have been seen in the kitten's mouth—an innocent-looking confidence trick, however, that may yet be performed ones too often. Earlier in its life—when, in fact, the chicken was but a chick—it and its three brothers, who had all just left their shells, used to toy with a passing insect. It was funny to watch four fat chicks solemnly gaping at a gnat, but I fancy the insect played with them, and not they with it.

At times the chicken slept roosting on the fender before the kitchen fire, while kitty nestled up to it as closely as possible. The kitten, as is the wont of its kind, roamed about the house more than the chicken was in the habit of doing, and generally accompanied its mistress to the dining-room. Its absence always occasioned much distress to the chicken, which never ceased calling for it, and displayed the utmost delight on its return.

Whether or not this friendship will exist when the kitten has become a cat, and the chicken a cock or a hen, one cannot tell, but it is sure to be more sober and less skittish. In any case, it is pleasant to read of these alliances between animals that are not, as a rule, on good terms with one another.

WHY HE SURRENDERED.

DURING the greater part of the seventeenth century England and Holland stoutly contested for the supremacy *of the seas. Many battles were fought,* with varying results, and many deeds of heroism were performed, among which the following is not the least noteworthy.

An English and a Dutch squadron had fallen in with each other, and, of course, promptly commenced hostilities.

For two hours the fight went on; but in spite of all their efforts, the English were unable to gain the slightest advantage. At last, one of the lads on board the English admiral's ship ventured to ask a shipmate when it was going to end. There was some excuse for his ignorance, since he had been a sailor for but one day, having on the previous afternoon run away from the tailor to whom he was apprenticed, and rowed off to the English fleet, which chanced to be passing along the coast near his home.

To his astonishment, however, his question was received with a roar of laughter, both by the sailor to whom he spoke and everyone else standing near.

"Well, Hopson," said the former, when he had somewhat got over his amusement, "the fight will last as long as that Dutch rag remains floating at the admiral's mast-head."

"Is that all?" said the boy. "Then I think I'll see what I can do;" and he disappeared before his comrades had recovered from the fresh fit of merriment into which his words had sent them.

Just then the English and Dutch flagships were lying close alongside each other, enveloped in a thick cloud of smoke, the result of the previous cannonading. Hopson's movements were thus concealed, and he was actually able to climb from the rigging of one ship into that of the other. Without a moment's delay, he made straight for the Dutch flag, which he coolly tore down, and returned with it safely to his own ship.

As he reached the yardarm of the English vessel, the sailors noticed the disappearance of the enemy's flag, and thinking that the latter had surrendered, a shout of victory was raised.

A boarding party was at once formed, and before the astonished Dutch officers were able to rally their men, who had likewise been confused by the loss of the flag, the vessel had been forced to surrender.

Just then, Hopson was observed calmly examining the rigging with the Dutch flag wound round his arm.

"I told you I would see what I could do," he remarked as he reached the deck.

To his astonishment, however, he was sent for by one of the lieutenants, and severely blamed for his apparently foolhardy performance.

Fortunately for Hopson, the admiral was better able to appreciate the action, and so, far from taking the same view of the matter, he actually there and then changed the runaway tailor's apprentice into a midshipman.

His subsequent advancement was rapid, and in 1702, when the allied Dutch and English fleets gained such a glorious victory over the combined French and Spanish squadrons off Vigo, one of the chief heroes of the day was Vice-Admiral Hopson—or Sir Thomas Hopson, as he became, for his share in bringing about the successful result of the action.

WHY THE TURTLE-DOVE WAS SAD.—In a dark pine-wood there lived a turtle dove. Day after day he sat on the branch of his tree alone. He would watch the first light of dawn penetrate the wood, waxing brighter till it reached the glow of noon, and then gradually waning. And at twilight time he would watch the pale light between the black trunks of the trees, and listen to the wind as it came sweeping through the wood, and then he would coo mournfully; for he was sad, but could not tell why he was sad.

One twilight time he sat and watched the waning light, as was his custom. Every bird had gone to rest; the darkness was gathering, and the wind was moaning.

He cooed mournfully in response, but the wind swept by without heeding him, and he drooped his wings.

He looked up through the interlacing branches at the sky, but it was overcast with dark clouds, and he could not see a single star.

Then he shivered in the chilliness of the night, and tried to draw his feathers closer round him, and he was silent; for it was now that he felt his sadness more than ever before.

With the first streak of dawn he awoke and stretched his wings drowsily, and as the first sunray shot through the wood, he heard a soft cooing voice that was new to him.

He looked up, and among the dark branches of a near pine-tree he saw a young turtle-dove with fair gray wings.

"Come to me," she cooed softly and musically again and again. And when he heard her, he answered her, and flew upwards, setting on the branch by her side.

The sun had risen, and one brilliant ray pierced through the trees of the wood, covering him with warmth and light, and he fluttered his wings, and felt what he had never felt before—happiness!

B. C.

SOME FAMOUS FACES.—Pitt had a fiery red face and a terrible scowl.

Philip the great of Macedon had a large mole on his neck.

Tasso's features were regular and pleasing, but he had a wild eye.

Vespasian had a large, red face, with high cheekbones and heavy chin.

Haydn had a long nose, an almost invariable peculiarity of genius.

Charles I. wore a pointed beard, in the style known as the Vandyke.

The Duke of Wellington had a great Roman nose and a stern, forbidding face.

Addison had regular and quite pleasing features, unmarked by dissipation.

Chaucer looked like a dandy, the impression being intensified by his dress.

Vitellius had very gross features. He is said to have weighed over two hundred and fifty pounds.

Napoleon III. had a dull, almost stupid, face. He generally seemed half asleep.

Pope's features were small and delicate. All his life he was very pale and looked sickly.

Rubinstein wore his hair in the Beethoven style, which has always been popular among pianists.

Wordsworth had what would be called a negative face. It was as colorless as much of his poetry.

Paganini looked like a caricature of a man, so thin was he, with every feature exaggerated.

Lorenzo dei Medici had a commonplace face, weak eyes and a generally unprepossessing appearance.

FAT WOMAN: "I hear the glass-eater has taken to eating grindstones." Living Skeleton: "What for?" Fat Woman: "Oh! I suppose to put an edge on his appetite."

To retain an abundant head of hair of a natural color to a good old age, the hygiene of the scalp must be observed. Apply Hall's Hair Renewer.

THE WORLD'S HAPPENINGS.

The Germans number 3,000,000 of our population.

The world has over three hundred electric railways.

The Rhine flows at three times the rate of the Thames.

Coroners' inquests on the average cost rather more than $15 each.

The Czar's royal yacht, the "Polar Star," cost more than $5,000,000.

The mean depth of the Atlantic is estimated to be about 16,000 feet.

Wasps rank next to the higher classes of ants in point of insect intelligence.

All petitions to the House of Commons must be in handwriting, and may not be printed.

The original home of the "grippe" has been discovered in Mongolian and Chinese territories.

The oldest national flag in the world is that of Denmark, which has been in use since the year 1219.

More than half of the entire cultivated area of Great Britain is now occupied by permanent pasture.

In France the population averages about 187 to the square mile. In this country the average is 21 to the square mile.

Krupp, the German gunmaker, pays an income tax of $200,000 a year. Bragadir, a brewer at Bucharest, pays over $300,000.

Forty-eight different materials are used in the construction of a good pianoforte, and they come from sixteen different countries.

The salary list of the Bank of England, including pensions, aggregates $1,500,000 per annum. There are 1100 employes in the bank.

Every Japanese workman is ticketed. He bears on his cap and on his back labels giving his name and business, as well as his employer's name.

The mortality among cattle at sea, resulting from cruelty, want of water, etc., was formerly stated at 16 per cent., while at the present time it is 1 per cent.

Eisleben, the birthplace of Martin Luther, is sinking into the moor upon which it is built. Measures have been taken in recent years to drain the bog without avail.

In Holland it is customary when there is infectious disease in a house to notify the fact to intending visitors and the public generally by tying a piece of white rag around the bell handle.

In Munich, which consumes more beer than any other German city, it is said that the average family allowance of the amber fluid amounts to 365 quarts a year for every man, woman and child.

The German Emperor is a great admirer of white. Twenty of his different uniforms are made of white material, and his wardrobe contains more than a hundred pairs of white trousers.

Representations of the "Bohemian Forest Passion Play" will be given this summer at Hoeritz, and the play year of 1895 will be the last for some time to come. There are to be 18 performances.

It has been calculated that the right hand of a good compositor in taking type from the frame to the stick, while setting up nine thousand ems in eight hours, covers a distance of thirty-six thousand feet.

A remarkable novelty is being produced called the "Lizard glove." This is made of French kid, treated in such a manner as to give all the appearance of a fine lizard skin. The gloves are very soft and delicately beautiful.

The Emir of Bokhara, who has recently gone to a mineral-water-cure in the Caucasus for an affection of the feet, was obliged to obtain the permission of the Czar of Russia before leaving his own dominions.

Between 300 and 400 persons are employed in making writing ink in the United States, and their yearly wages amount to between $300,000 and $400,000. About the same number are employed in making printing inks.

The slowest railway train in England takes an hour and a half to travel six miles. It is in Buckinghamshire, running from Quainton Road to the bottom of Brill Hill. An out-of-date engine draws one passenger carriage, in appearance not unlike a tram car, and two good trucks.

The ordinary native of Japan knows nothing of butter and cheese, and the only place in the Empire where these daily necessaries, which we deem indispensable, are made is Sapporo, a town in Yezo, built entirely on American models by a director general from this country. The town is laid out in squares according to the American idea, and contains an American brewery.

It is said that there are in Kansas twenty well-built towns without a single inhabitant. Saratoga, in that State, has a $20,000 opera house, a large brick hotel, a $20,000 schoolhouse and a number of fine business houses, and yet there is not a single person to claim that city as his home. At Fargo a border and his family constitute the sole population of what was once an incorporated city.

BESIDE THE SEA.

BY W. W. L.

The salt sea marshes stretch to the verge
Of ocean's dark and dreamy merge;
The waves dash in and out in play,
Across the white sands' trackless way;
Outlined against the summer sky,
The rugged cliffs like towers loom high;
And here upon the heathen breast,
I lie content in quiet rest;
And dream of one now far away,
Who will come back to me some day.

SPIDERS AND THEIR HABITS.

It must be remarked that, for purposes of observing the spider at work, it is necessary to have the garden species. Those found in dwelling-houses are quite different, not only in the nature of their webs, but also in the important fact that, while the garden spider never drops except by means of a thread which it spins, the house species when let fall seldom spins its thread. It is therefore of little use for experimental purposes.

With regard to the webs, even the most casual observer must have noticed the difference between the house and garden species. Those which we commonly see in houses are of a woven texture similar to fine gauze, and are appropriately termed "webs;" those of the garden spider are a most beautful framework, composed of radial threads diverging from a central point, and of a gradually increasing spiral of thread fixed, with mathematical regularity, to the radial threads.

To observe the habits of the spider, it is only necessary to take the captive out of its box by means of a piece of paper, and to hold the paper about a yard above the ground. The thread will be most easily seen against a black background. Of its own accord, or after a slight shake of the paper, the spider begins to drop rapidly, meanwhile suspending itself by the thread which it is spinning. It may drop quite to the ground; if so, it can be taken up again. As a rule, however, it drops about six or eight inches, and then seems to hang motionless for some little time. But it is soon seen that it is far from idle.

Were it possible to place it in a room without the slightest draught, it is probable that it would either drop to the ground or return to the paper; but there is always a current of warm air from the observer. It will be seen, then, that the spider is rapidly spinning a thread of such lightness that it is carried outwards by the draught. In less than half a minute the thread may be as much as ten feet in length. If this thread has not reached one of the surrounding walls, the spider climbs back to the paper, meanwhile rolling up on one of its feet the part by which it dropped. It again lets itself fall from the paper, and throws out another long thread, the first one still floating in the air. Sooner or later, one catches on some part of the room, and the spider seems to ascertain this by pulling on the thread. Having thus constructed a bridge, the little creature runs rapidly along, and would, of course, escape if allowed. It can then be replaced in its box for further experiment.

It is interesting to watch the ingenious manner in which a spider, placed on a stick in the midst of a vessel of water, contrives to throw a bridge to the edge of the vessel, and thus cross over without touching the water.

The garden spider has a strong aversion to water, and in this respect differs from another species, which lives mostly under water, possessing the wonderful power of carrying air round its body by means of the countless number of minute hairs with which it is clothed. Having this means of storing air, the water spider only requires to come to the surface about four times an hour.

Some interesting experiments were made last summer on spiders' threads. A thread having been obtained in the manner already described, one end was carefully fixed with gum to a support, and to the other end small weights were gradually attached till it broke. In order to compare, from these tests, the strength of the thread with, say, steel thread of the same thickness, it was necessary to determine its diameter. This was done by means of a powerful microscope, and it was found that it would require twenty-five thousand threads to make a sheet one inch broad. When it is remembered that each of these threads is composed of some four thousand strands, the tenuity is seen to be almost inconceivable, as it would require one hundred millions to make one inch. As a result of these tests it was found, incredible as it may seem, that spiders' thread is, thickness for thickness, actually stronger than cast-iron, nearly as strong as copper, gold, platinum, silver, and about one-fifth as strong as steel.

It may not be generally known that spiders' threads are used to support small weights in several delicate scientific instruments, and for this purpose they are much more suitable than any other material.

It will well repay any one to study the habits of these interesting creatures, and this can be done with very little difficulty. They are easily caught, require practically no attention, can be kept for weeks, and soon become very tame. They will be seen to perform many astonishing feats which space does not permit of mentioning here.

One very interesting and amusing experiment is to choose a good web, and touch one of the spirals with the vibrating end of a small tuning-fork. Almost at once the spider runs into the centre of the web, puts its foot under each of the radial threads, till it feels which one is vibrating most violently, when it immediately runs along till it reaches the tuning-fork. This is seen to be the same process by which a fly is caught. On no account does it run along what is sometimes the shortest way, if, for example, it happened to be on the same spiral, but always runs to the centre first.

It was at a critical moment that the prima donna heard the tenor warbling in Italian: "Oh, my dear friend, what on earth shall I do? My coat is ripping up the back and I dare not embrace you!" Quick as lightning she warbled back: "Stand still, keep your back to the audience and I will come and throw my arms around you." 'Tis told that she did so, and with a pin plucked the coat's wound together and revived the tenor's courage to finish the scene.

Grains of Gold.

Hold fast by the present!

Small service is true service while it lasts.

A character is a completely fashioned will.

Reason is the test of ridicule—not ridicule the test of truth.

Exactness in little duties is a wonderful source of cheerfulness.

We have nothing to do with the past but to get a future out of it.

Only he who lives a life of his own can help the lives of other men.

We can hardly learn humility and tenderness enough, except by suffering.

It is Nature's highest reward for a true, simple, great soul that he gets thus to be a part of herself.

Every situation, nay, every moment, is of infinite value, for it is a representative of a whole community.

Every rose is an autograph from the hand of God. The Universe is a great autograph of the Almighty.

Is not all music, to tender and poetic souls, to wounded and suffering hearts, a text which they interpret as they need.

A Chinese proverb says: "Let every man sweep the snow from his own doors and not trouble himself about the frost on his neighbor's tiles."

Our life is determined for us, and it makes the mind very free when we give up wishing, and only think of bearing what is laid upon us, doing what is given us to do.

Femininities.

There are said to be 536 lady physicians practising medicine in the cities of the United States.

A debate on the money question—two women insisting upon paying each other's fares in a street car.

"I always thought I should never rear that child," said an old lady of ninety on hearing the death of her son, aged seventy.

A New Jersey man was lately arrested for flogging a woman, and excused the act by saying he was near-sighted, and thought it was his wife!

The society of young women in Danbury, Conn., who have pledged themselves not to marry any man who uses liquor now numbers 400 members.

Mrs. Jones recently presented her spouse with twins. On the nurse showing them to the anxious father, "Am I to choose?" he innocently inquired.

The Count, who has had a little tiff with his fiancee, the heiress: "But, my treasure——" The heiress: "Your treasure? Your investment, you mean!"

Old daguerreotypes are the latest antique to come to the fore. They are framed in dull colored velvet or in silver or pewter, and their soft beauty is fashionably valued.

Lady Mary Scott, the winner of the ladies' golf championship in England, is the second daughter of the Earl of Eldon and great granddaughter of the great Lord Chancellor.

Mlle. Gluck, the great-granddaughter of the famous composer, was convicted recently in a Paris police court of stealing a jacket from a concierge who had given her shelter.

So much has the art of dressing and dyeing feathers been developed that numbers of the seemingly rare feather boas worn have simply been made from the plumage of the ordinary fowl.

Miss Eliza Wesley, a grandniece of John Wesley, founder of Methodism, died recently in London at the age of 76. Her father, Samuel Wesley, was the composer of the oratorio of "Ruth."

The formula for Dr. Paul Paquin's blood serum cure for consumption is to be given to the world in a short time, together with a description of all the details necessary for its preparation and use.

Some men are born to misfortune. At a Fourth of July picnic at Covington "chap" got his eye punched for speaking to another fellow's girl, and when he tearfully explained that he'd "known'd her for these thirty five years he got all his hair pulled out.

Wishbone parties are the latest thing in England. A card with a wishbone painted in the centre and a quotation written beneath is torn in halves, and a piece given to a lady and gentleman respectively. Partners are secured by matching the pieces.

A Frenchman had spent for some years all the evenings at the house of a certain lady, when the death of her husband left him free to marry her. This advantage having been pointed out to him, he admitted its existence, but asked sadly, "Where am I to spend my evenings?"

She: "Well, Clarence, dear, the situation is not quite as rosy as it was pictured to us before marriage, is it?" He: "Well, not altogether so, love." She: "I wish—er—I wish—" He: "What do you wish, dearest?" She: "I wish we had the rice and the old shoes they threw at us when we married."

"Are the Joneses back?" inquired Mrs. Spilkins, who hadn't been out of town all the summer. "Yes'm," replied the cook, "and Mrs. Brown and the children got home from Scarborough yesterday." "Then, Mary, you may open the front shutters," continued Mrs. S., "and say that we've returned too."

Probably not many women know where the powder-puffs with which alabaster brows and blushing cheeks are produced come from. There is a place in Chicago where some nimble fingered girls are engaged all the year round in making them. The material is the soft, fluffy down from cygnets or young swans, and it comes largely from the islands of the Baltic Sea.

Twenty years ago Wm. J. Brown, an Indiana man, in a fit of jealous passion, killed a rival suitor for the hand of a Miss Millie F. Jamison, to whom he was engaged. The term of imprisonment for which he was sentenced expired recently, and a few days ago he, now a white haired man of 70, was married to the woman on account of whom he committed the crime. During Brown's imprisonment Miss Jamison has been saving and working to accumulate money enough to support both.

J. Lamb Doty, the American Consul at Tahiti, has wedded a native maid, Miss Maeva Tumera Raoul. It was a runaway wedding, her guardian objecting to the match on account of the youth of the bride. She is said to be very accomplished, speaking three languages fluently, and is, besides, described as beautiful in face and form. The first meeting was as thrilling as the most romantic could desire. She was drowning, and Mr. Doty happened along providentially, plunged in to her rescue and saved her. Love followed as a matter of course.

Masculinities.

A pessimist is a man with a near-sighted soul.

If we had better sight everybody would be good looking.

The devil walks arm in arm with the man who is not quite willing to do right.

Only one out of every thousand married couples live to celebrate their golden wedding.

When a man has succeeded in raising the wind it is quite natural that he should be walking on air.

"Amateur gentlemen," says an old lady, "is a pretty good description of a certain class of young men."

Doolittle is the laziest man on earth. He always sits in a draught when he reads, so that the wind can turn the leaves for him.

A farmer says that three good bulldogs roaming the yard at night will do more to keep a man honest than all the talking in the world.

They who have never known prosperity can hardly be said to be unhappy; it is from the remembrance of joys we have lost that the arrows of affliction are pointed.

Suburban doctors in New York and other cities are using the bicycle in preference to the horse and carriage in visiting patients that are approachable by good roads.

Perhaps it is for the purpose of contrast, but sure it is that Sir Henry James, reputed to be one of the worst dressed men in England, is a favorite with the Prince of Wales.

A blind beggar stationed near the Chatean d'Eau exhibited a card inscribed as follows: "Kind, charitable souls, don't be ashamed of giving me only a halfpenny; I am blind."

To reduce the blood from the boiling point to temperate quickly and without harm open the cold water faucet and let the water fall upon the wrists of each hand for several moments.

After an uninterrupted courtship of 31 years, an Indiana couple made up their minds that they were sufficiently acquainted with each other to take further risks. So they are married.

Rev. Hayden Rayburn, of Kokiomo, Ind., is not more proud of having married 1,240 couples during his ministry than he is of the small number of divorces among those whom he has united.

An artist traveling in Greece fell into conversation with an Albanian peasant, who told him in all seriousness that women were better than donkeys for carrying burdens, but not so good as mules.

A man had five out of six purses returned to him which he dropped in New York recently to test the public honesty. But, as they contained only 42 cents and a key, cynics do not think it proves much.

Prince Dimitri Khilkoy, a Russian nobleman, has followed Tolstoi's advice and divided his estates among his peasants, having reserved only seven acres for himself, which he cultivates to support his family.

"Keep out of debt, young man," said the philosopher. "People will think better of you for it." "Perhaps," was the thoughtful reply, "and yet I've noticed that the more I owe people the gladder they always seem to see me."

George D. Burton, an expert electrician of Boston, is quoted as agreeing with one or two surgeons that execution by the electrical chair does not kill. Mr. Burton, however, does not offer himself for experimental purposes.

Hiram H. Revels, the first negro elected to the United States Senate, has been chosen supreme trustee of the Colored Knights of Honor of America, succeeding Frederick Douglass. Rev. Dr. Revels is a resident of Washington.

Gladstone told a recent visitor: "I seldom find myself equal to or inclined for theatre-going of late, but I can not go so far as to say that I have given it up. I confess, however, that a quiet game of backgammon in the evening, when I have laid aside a book, has for me a great charm."

"Meriden is proud of having among her veterans a man who helped to defend Fort Sumter," says the Hartford Times. "He is John Doran, who, in 1860, was working in Southington, and who, in company with another man, went on a pleasure trip to Charleston. Of the brave Sumter defenders only seven are living, including the Meriden man. Two of them, named Costello and Johnson, live at Washington.

Here is an item for perusal these hot days. Dr. von Bebber, a German meteorologist, has been finding out how hot our clothes are, and this is the result when the outside temperature is 30 degrees: on the coat, 31 degrees; between the coat and waistcoat, 33 degrees; between waistcoat and shirt, 34 degrees; between the shirt and undershirt, 34 degrees; between the woollen undershirt and skin, 35 degrees. At the time of writing this we hold these figures to be wrong. We are ready to affirm that the temperature on our body is at least 37 degrees and still rising.

Latest Fashion Phases.

Bicycling seems to have quite dethroned all other amusements just now—even golfing, which was so much in vogue last year, does not appear so frequently as a topic of conversation. Judging from the golfing suits and capes that are ordered at the English tailors, however, there are some few who are as fond as ever of that interesting game. These suits are usually composed of tweeds or serges, but one lady wishing for comfort and coolness ordered a costume of dark blue mohair. It was made with a Norfolk coat and a skirt just reaching to the tops of tan leggings, with satin bloomers to be worn under the skirt, making a lightweight and remarkably uncommon dress. A pretty cloth cape, with a hood lined with dainty tartan, completed this costume.

A very elegant little frock is composed of a light summer cloth—in color a russet brown. The skirt is made somewhat flare to allow ease in walking, and is bound round the edge with leather of the same shade as the gaiters. The waist is in Norfolk shape, but more original in style, the plaits being formed to represent straps fastened on by large horn buttons. A leather belt encircles the waist, and the somewhat small leg of mutton sleeves are strapped at the cuffs in a corresponding manner. A large brimmed sailor hat finishes this charming costume.

Another was a new French skirted golfing costume in dark blue. The skirt, so called, is made exceedingly short, showing leggings of the same and is plaited all round except the front width, which is left to represent the box plait. The bottom edge is finished with a wide black "Hercules" braid, above which is a narrow "Fedora" cord. The coat is cut rather long, with large pockets on either side. The belt and cuffs are all of the braid, ornamented with fancy steel buttons. The revers are edged with cord and turned over with black cloth. The shirt waist is striped blue silk and the tie dark blue. A dark blue rough cloth Tam o' Shanter is worn.

A somewhat plain but neat dress is composed of Danish blue cloth, and is edged with bands of fawn. It is a close fitting jacket, rounded at the corners of the basque, is fastened at the chest by a large button, and finished by a small collar and pointed revers. The sleeves are plaited from the waist nearly to the elbow. The jacket is accompanied by a close fitting, double breasted vest, which may be worn a volonte.

The silk bodice should be dressy, even though it need not be elaborate. A pretty one is made in rose pink brocade, being in French blouse fashion, with a broad centre box plait, revealing on either side an under bodice of tucked white muslin and yellow Valenciennes lace. The large sleeves are put in box plaits from the neck, the plaits being fastened down by rose pink velvet buttons placed along the edges from the neck to a point just beyond the shoulder. The collar band is of rose pink velvet. Satin may be substituted for the velvet, and the underbodice may be of linen batiste.

The blouse waists should be rather plain. For the warmer ones there are many pretty woolen novelties that would be apropos. Among these may be mentioned plaid momie cloths, fancy crepons and fine French flannels. A plaited blouse of light mohair, garnished with pearl buttons, is very stylish. For cooler blouses, linen and percale shirt waists are the most desirable.

A comfortable traveling gown for one who does not want a jacket suit is made with a full skirt, finished without adornment at the hem, but striped at the sides with passementerie. The blouse waist is simply garnished by bretelles of the passementerie and the mutton-leg sleeves are finished with a cuff. The full belt and collar band are of black satin.

The traveler should also be provided with a suitable wrap, either a coat or cape. The new coats are close fitting in the back, with loose double breasted fronts and short, full basques. The collar and revers may be comparatively small, while the sleeves are very large and in many cases have strapped seams. Some of the most effective coats are plain, their style depending upon a perfect cut and finish. The latest capes have either a jacket or a blouse front.

The hat should be neither very large nor elaborate, and a close fitting cap is often convenient.

Fashionable people are patronizing all sorts of thin white materials, and there is a reaction in favor of keeping young ladies' gowns simple in effect, despite the fact that leading modistes use an abundance of ribbons and fancy embroideries.

Gowns made with a simple hemmed skirt have a lawn or thin taffeta lining. With these plain skirts and full blouse waists a sash of delicate satin or taffeta ribbon and a broad Marie Antoinette fichu of white net d'esprit are lovely and most desirable garnitures.

Odds and Ends.

ON A VARIETY OF SUBJECTS.

Honey Soap.—White cured soap 1½ pounds, brown Windsor soap half pound. Cut them into thin shavings, and liquefy as directed above for scented soap; then add four ounces of honey, and keep it melted till most of the water is evaporated; then remove from the fire, and when cool enough add any essential oil. According to Piesse the honey soap usually sold, consists of fine yellow soap, perfumed with oil of citronella.

Black Ink.—Boil logwood twenty-two pounds, in enough water to yield fourteen gallons decoction. To a thousand parts of this decoction, when cold, add one part chromate of potash. The mixture is to be well stirred. The proportions are to be carefully observed, and the yellow chromate, not the birchromate, employed. This ink possesses some great advantages, to adhere strongly to paper, so that it can neither be washed off by water, nor even altered by weak acids, to form no deposit, and not be in the least acted upon by steel pens.

Red Writing Ink.—Beat ground Brazil wood four ounces, diluted acetic acid one pint, alum half an ounce. Boil them slowly in covered tinned copper or enamelled saucepan for one hour, strain, and add one ounce gum.

Yellow Ink.—Gamboge triturated with water, and a little alum added.

Green Ink.—Rub three and a half drachms Prussian Blue, and three drachms of gamboge, with two ounces of mucilage, and add half a pint of water.

Violet Vinegar.—Gather violets (wood) in spring when plentiful; put them without their stems into bottles, shaking them down till full; then pour in as much wine vinegar as the bottles will hold; cork, and set in the sun three or four weeks, then strain off the vinegar. A little of this violet vinegar in water is a cure for nervous headache.

Water Biscuits.—Rub one ounce of butter into one pound of flour; add salt to taste, moisten with enough cold water to make a smooth paste, roll out very thin, and bake on buttered tins in a quick oven.

Wholemeal Scones.—One and a half pound wholemeal, four and a half ounces butter, three teaspoonfuls sugar, half teaspoonful salt, four and a half teaspoonfuls baking powder, milk. Rub the butter into the flour, add the salt, sugar, and baking powder. Mix into a light soft dough with milk, roll out, cut into rounds, brush over milk, and bake in a quick oven for about twenty minutes.

Scotch Macaroons.—Two and a half pounds of sugar, one and a half pounds of lard, five eggs, two ounces of soda, two quarts of molasses, one pint of water, four pounds of flour, three pounds of crumbs. Make icing with eggs with the addition of a little cream of tartar. Make it quite thin, so as to spread easy; roll out dough, spread icing over it, and cut in small strips about one and a half inches by three inches; the cakes will spread and icing will break on top like macaroons. Oven must be moderate. Should icing not break well, add more more cream of tartar. A little experimenting will make the prettiest cookies ever made.

Steamed Apples.—Steamed apples are recommended as a variation from roasted ones. Put a little water at the bottom of a small saucepan, and, when it boils, set the apples in it to steam, and put on the lid. The apples should not be pared, and no sugar is required with them. They cook in a few minutes, and can be readily prepared in this way at times when the oven is not hot enough to roast them.

Rice and Marmalade Pudding.—Half teacupful of rice, two pints of milk, nutmeg, three ounces of sugar, marmalade, one ounce of butter—cost 20 cents. Put the rice in a stewpan with a pint and a half of milk and the sugar, let it simmer for one hour; butter a pie dish, line it thickly with orange marmalade, mix the rice with the remainder of the milk, add one ounce of butter, pour it into the dish, grate nutmeg over, and bake one hour.

Buns.—Three-quarters of a pound of flour, two eggs, quarter of a pound of butter, one teaspoon of cream of tartar, quarter of a pound of sugar, half-teaspoon of soda, half-teacup of buttermilk. Rub the butter among the flour; and the sugar to it and mix; beat the eggs well, and stir them in among the flour; put the soda and tartar in a cup, stir in among it the buttermilk, and pour quickly among the mixture. It may require a little more flour to make a soft dough. Roll into buns; brush over with milk or egg, put sugar on the top, and bake about fifteen minutes.

Lemon Omelettes.—Four eggs, three teaspoonfuls of cornflour, two tablespoonfuls of cold milk or cream, half pint of boiling milk. For the lemon cream, half pound of sugar, two ounces of butter, three eggs, two lemons. Beat the yolks of the eggs, mix the cornflour with the cold milk, then add the eggs, and stir in the hot milk, and just before baking stir in the whites of the eggs. Butter four or five round tin dishes, pour in the mixture, and bake ten minutes; turn the omelettes on to a hot dish, spread lemon cream on them, fold in half, and serve.

Gravy.—To start the gravy of any roasted or baked meats so that you can have sufficient juices for basting, keep the meat moistened for the first half-hour with salt and water; after that, baste every quarter of an hour with the gravy.

Apple gruel.—Core, without paring, one good-sized apple; put it into a saucepan, cover it with a quart of water, and soak gently until the apple is perfectly tender; then strain through two thicknesses of cheese-cloth; do not press the apple. Put three teaspoonfuls of arrowroot in a bowl, moisten with cold water, then pour the boiling apple water, return it to the fire, cook one minute, and it is ready to serve. Serve without sugar, as sugar will frequently disagree with the patient.

Vermicelli Soup.—Put a small knuckle of veal and a slice of ham on to boil, well covered with water; after it has boiled four hours, and a carrot, a turnip, four onions peeled but not sliced. Make a fry of a spoonful of lard, a little minced onion, and a cup of tomatoes. Stew these until smooth, then add to the soup. In a stone mortar pound fine half a teaspoonful of coriander-seed and a pinch of saffron, add half a cup of water, and pour into the soup; cook for another hour, strain, add pepper and salt, and two handfuls of vermicelli slightly crushed. Boil twenty minutes longer.

Dinner Dish.—One pound or two of lean buttock steak, cut in one piece about half-an-inch thick, will make a palatable dish if prepared with forcemeat in this way. Put the meat on a pasteboard, and well beat and flatten it with a rolling pin. Cut two or three small onions, and lay them on the meat; then season with pepper and salt. Mix a quarter of a pound of breadcrumbs with two tablespoonfuls of minced suet, one of chopped parsley, a teaspoonful of thyme, a grate or two of lemon-peel, just sufficient to slightly flavor the whole, and a little salt and pepper, and bind the mixture with one egg and a little drop of milk. Spread this over the beef, then roll it up and carefully tie it with string, so that the forcemeat may not come through. Well flour it and put it into a deep pie-dish, pour over it three-quarters of a pint of boiling water, cover with an old plate, and stew in a slow oven for an hour and a half or two hours. When done, remove the meat, thicken the gravy with a little flour, add a little catchup or sauce, reboil, and pour over the meat and serve quite hot.

A Poor Artist.—A pretty girl had a bashful artist for a sweetheart, and he never would come to the point. One night, after he had made a desperate attempt to test her feelings, she looked at him in a very significant way.

"What do you mean by that?" he asked, with a startled look.

"Do you profess to be an artist?" she replied, evasively.

"Yes."

"Do you think you are a good one?"

"I flatter myself that I am."

"Well, I don't think so."

"Why not?"

"Because you cannot even draw an inference."

He did, though, and now that girl supports him by taking lodgers, and thinks he is a poorer artist than ever.

It is as easy to have good manners as to have bad ones; but to have them they must be taught in the nursery and used habitually at home. The practice of habitual courtesy at home will make one courteous abroad and to be esteemed well-bred is certainly worth all the trouble that can be taken to gain that distinction.

DRINK TRICKS.

NUMEROUS methods of obtaining free drinks are commonly resorted to by a particular—or, rather, we should say anything but particular—class of nimble individuals, who haunt drinking-bars and public houses seeking a chance to quench their thirsty longings by any other means than by legitimate payment.

It may, perhaps, seem almost incredible to most people that such mean cheats can exist, but publicans are well acquainted with all sorts of tricks of the thirsty. As showing that such practices are not exclusively resorted to by the "loafing" class, one such method is to tender a 20 dollar note in payment for a 5 cent drink, on the plea of having no smaller change.

In nine cases out of ten, unless it be a large house, where they are in the habit of changing paper money and checks to oblige well-known customers, the barman will hesitate to change a note in any circumstances. In the meanwhile the owner of the note has been careful to dispose of his drink. He says he has offered a legal tender, and he really has nothing smaller; but if they haven't change, he will pop in again to pay for the drink.

To avoid any bother, and seeming a respectable, well-to do man, he is allowed to depart with his note, owing the few coppers. He may repeat this half-a-dozen times in one neighborhood, perhaps, before he gets his note changed.

But it is not always publicans who are victimised by this class of petty smugglers. Many bibulous light-fingered gentleman, who will do anything or anybody for a drink, can, while standing in a crowded bar, from long practice, change an empty glass or tankard for a full one with all the dexterity of a stage conjurer.

If they find that they are suspected, they can often talk their victim into a conviction of their entire innocence, while they not infrequently succeed in getting the aspersion washed out in another glass.

A favorite practice of this abondoned class is to get someone into a heated argument just where the drinks are most thickly distributed. With one eye on the thread of the argument and the other on the drinks a pilferer of this kind can, in a happy moment of abstraction, sometimes drain off several, one after the other, while the company around are absorbed in the discussion.

Then subsequent proceedings quickly lose further interest for him, and leaving his opponent in possession of the victory and an empty tankard, he will sail forth into the street.

Another ruse sometimes practised by a shabby impostor is that of strolling into a bar where two or three business men may be enjoying their luncheon tonics, and, after calling for a cheap drink, mention that a big fire is in progress round the corner or up the street.

It may happen that those present will feel concerned for their own place of business in the vicinity, even if ordinary curiosity does not move them. They will probably leave their drinks while they go to the door.

But not a sign of fire will they see, and after looking up and down the street for several minutes, they will naturally conclude they have been hoaxed, and return to their glasses. All will generally be found to be empty, for the thirsty alarmist has managed to button his overcoat over the drinks and to carry them away with him through another door.

Scientific Explanation.—An undergraduate at Cambridge had a "scout," who, too lazy to do anything right, was in the habit of cleaning out his lamp chimney by running his finger down it as far as he could and twisting it round. After he had cleaned it out in this partial manner, one day not long ago, an undergraduate took it up and carried it to the residence of one of the professors, with the inquiry, "How is it that this chimney is smoked just up to this point and no farther?" The learned gentleman entered into an elaborate scientific explanation, arguing with great lucidity, and citing various authorities to show the correctness of his reasoning. When he had finished, the undergraduate said to him, "No, sir, you are wrong." How is it, then?" inquired the professor, somewhat surprised. "Because the 'scout's' finger wasn't long enough to reach any farther," replied the joker.

"You have an early spring here, do you?" said the gentleman from the North. "Yes, sir, right airly. You kin always tell when spring's come fer good by the snakes. That one you're standing on now is a ground rattler, an' this one where you're jumping to is a spreadin' adder."

Recent Book Issues.

FRESH PERIODICALS.

French-reading Americans will greet with pleasure the announcement that there is now published a new, grandly illustrated magazine, printed entirely in French, yet designed especially for Americans. "La Revue Franco-Americaine" is a monthly magazine, the initial number bearing date of June, 1895. Masters of French literature and the principal artists of France will alone be admitted as contributors, its literary editor being Prince Poniatowski. The general agency of "La Revue Franco-Americaine" is in New York, 83 Duane street.

"The Popular Science Monthly" has the following contents for June: "New Chapters from the Warfare of Science," "Professional Institutions—Physician and Surgeon," "Two Ocean Pass," "The Decline of Railway Charges," "Pleasures of the Telescope," "The Psychology of Woman," "Irritability and Movement in Plants," "The Spirit of Militarism," "Journeying in Madagascar," "Survivals of Sun-worship," Correspondence, Editor's Table, Literary Notices, Popular Miscellany and Notes." Published at New York.

The current number of the "Eclectic Magazine" presents a great variety of papers, opening with a discussion of "The Relation of Language to Thought," by Mr. C. N. Barham. Among other articles Miss Belfour's pictures of travel in roughest Africa, entitled "Twelve Hundred Miles in a Wagon," are more than interesting. There is a beautifully written essay from Mr. James Payn, entitled "The Backwater of Life," and a bright sketch called "Spring in New York." Published by E. R. Pelton, 144 Eighth st., New York.

A summer flavor pervades the June number of St. Nicholas." The frontispiece, "Ho, for the Tennis-Courts," by Lungren, is followed by a poem, "To the Robin that Sings at My Window," by John Bennett. "Our Tiny Fleet," by Francis Churchill Williams, is a story of five boys, who were castaways on an island in one of the great lakes. A pretty fairy tale is "To Desperation; A Little Not at All," by Gertrude Hall. All of the serials have interesting instalments, and there are many illustrated verses and jingles. Published at New York.

There is much freshness in the "Century" for June. The frontispiece is a hitherto unengraved bust of Napoleon owned by Charles J. Bonaparte, of Baltimore, and modelled from life by Corbet during the Egyptian campaign. A notable illustrated out-of-door article by John Muir relates the circumstances of his "Discovery of Glacier Bay" in Alaska. W. D. Howells contributes the first part of a paper of quiet humor entitled "Tribulations of a Cheerful Giver," relating to the question of street charity in New York. The fiction has much variety, including the serials and three short stories, one, by Mary Hallock Foote, having a unique plot, entitled "On a Side Track;" one a sketch of strong contrasts, "The Lady of Lucerne," and a story of the Chinese quarter of San Francisco, piquantly entitled "The Gentleman in the Barrel." Published at New York.

FAMILY ALTERCATIONS.—The best intentioned wedded pair cannot live together without having some slight misunderstandings and mild disputes. They must talk when daily in each other's society, and they could not at all times, either on private or public affairs, agree on every point of argument, and, though these disagreements are very painful at the time, they are, we may say, necessities, as otherwise the man and wife would merely be a stupid and opinionless pair. True, there may no word be spoken harboring a personal insult, but the unpleasantness is there nevertheless, and it cannot truthfully be denied. To defy these harmless altercations in wedded life one of the two must necessarily be a sort of dummy, with machinery by which he can be wound up to smile, weep, look grave, surprised shocked, sympathethic, or loving, and by which he could be made to utter "Yes, dear," "No, darling," and other desired remarks at the other's will. Who shall be the inventor of this sort of clockwork, and who shall be the one to submit to the ordeal? We shall not attempt to draw a picture of the model wife, as men would wish her to be. We don't believe they could draw it themselves to their own satisfaction. However, we will vouch for it that all sensible women, and most all the others, would prefer a husband who now and then upset two or three chairs then threw the bootjack through the middle pane of the window—that is, providing he has no trouble to keep his own balance—to that most detested of all creatures, the man who is as silent as the gods of India, and who sits hour after hour trying to ape a long faced and sorely persecuted ourang-outang. His picture first provokes merriment, then anger and disgust. His wife is the most pitiable creature in the world. Fire, flood, an earthquake or even a hurricane, might be welcome guests—but a man in a fit of sulks, never! Wake him up! As well might you try to revive a mummy, while his fit lasts. He is as rigid and dead to sensibility as the tenants of an Egyptain catacomb, and his stubbornness, as his wife knows, beggars all description. The spouse of a henpecked husband heartily regrets the nature of her mission.

ABOUT POTTERY.

MOST of the world's best pottery is made in a winding little valley in northern Staffordshire. Here almost 300,000 persons, residents of a dozen or more small cities looped together by tramways and collectively known as "the Potteries," are engaged in "jiggering" and "jollying" clay and baking it into delicate china dishes and ornamental articles. They are rivalled in some respects by the Irishman across the channel—every housewife prizes her belleek ware above everything else—but for quantity and variety they cannot be equalled.

It takes peculiar kinds of clay, found only in a few places in the world, to make good china. The Staffordshire potteries bring what is called "bale clay" from Devonshire and Dorsetshire, and china clay proper comes all the way from Cornwall. These two have to be mixed in just the right proportions—here the manufacturers find much to dispute about—and then must be liberally peppered with Cornish stone from Cornwall and pulverized flint from France. The Cornish stone renders the ware more compact, and the flint gives it a beautiful white color.

After the workmen have mixed all the ingredients by exact rule the compound is dumped into a stone basin not unlike a dry fountain, and, water having been added, a heavy stone roller is trundled over it until it is thoroughly homogeneous and of about the consistency of thin mud. It is next drained away through a lawn sieve to remove the particles of dirt, after which it is forced by hydraulic pressure into the filter press. This is a most ingenious machine, consisting of double concave disks of iron, each having a hole in the centre and forced together by means of a long screw operated by a pilot's wheel. Between each pair of disks hangs a thick piece of duck, and as the clay is forced through the water is strained away and the particles of clay cling to the cloth. After it is partially dried it can be easily removed.

The dry clay from the duck is pulverized in a pug-mill, a cylindrical machine with a knife armed, rotary shaft at its centre, and it is then ready to go to the potters.

As a general rule the potters are pale and small, faded to almost the color of the clay in which they work, and they sit all day before their "jiggers," or potter's wheels, and fashion earthenware articles with marvellous cunning and a really wonderful artistic taste.

"Jiggers" were formerly operated by footpower, but in most of the Staffordshire potteries they are now turned at a high velocity by means of bands connected with a power shaft. To form round, flat dishes, such as plates and saucers, a "bat," or handful of clay, is placed on the "jigger mould," and the "jolly," or forming instrument, is pressed down upon it, reducing it to the required shape. For cups the bowl is formed as in the case of saucers, and the handle, which has been cast in a separate mould, is attached later.

The moulds are of raw plaster of Paris, sometimes in several different pieces. As the clay is pressed into them they readily absorb the moisture, leaving the article firm enough to be readily lifted out. Moulds are short-lived, and the making of them is no small part of the business. It requires great skill and care.

Pitchers and other hollow articles are made by "throwing" the clay on the jigger, thus gradually building up the sides and keeping the inner surface beautifully smooth by means of a calloused finger—nature's own best instrument—or a simple little tool. The outside, which has been left ugly, is polished down, after the article is partially dry, in a lathe like machine. Indeed, the "turning" of a pitcher is done very much as a cabinetmaker would turn the leg of a chair.

When complete the unbaked dishes are set aside in the "green house" until thoroughly dried. They are then taken and packed with and tamped around them into "saggers" or boxes of fire clay, which are practically infusible. The "saggers" are piled up in "bungs" or columns in the kilns—huge cylindrical enclosures of brick heated from below—where the temperature is gradually raised to a very high degree, kept up for about fifty hours, and then allowed to subside.

All this requires great experience and skill, for if the clay is either overbaked or underbaked the dishes are ruined. The sand around the articles in the "saggers" serves to equalize the heat and prevents the clay from being suddenly cooled or overheated at any time.

When removed from the oven the baked clay is called "bisquitware" or bisque, and if the article is to be plain white it goes at once to the enamelling or glazing room. The making of glaze is a most delicate operation, and each manufacturer has his own secret receipt for its composition. The main ingredients are kaolin, lead, tin, borax, and flint. When the bisque article has been "dipped" and allowed to dry for a time it is borne in "saggers" without the packing of sand to the "ghost" oven, where it is fired for twenty hours. When it comes out it is ready for use.

The designs for colored or printed ware are first engraved on copper plates. From these, after they have been properly colored, the pattern is transferred to the unglazed dish by means of thin tissue paper sized with soap. The bisque readily absorbs the colors under pressure, and then, after the soapy paper has been washed away, the dish is slightly heated in a "hardening on kiln" to drive off the color oil. The glaze is afterward applied and fired, as in the case of plain ware.

The Staffordshire potteries manufacture all kinds of eathenware, both glazed and unglazed, and it is shipped all over the world. Many of the cheaper grades of china are successfully made in America, and in almost inconceivable quantities.

THE SOLITUDE OF SERVANTS.—Say you are a well-to-do tradesman or mechanic, you can afford to employ a servant to make life easier for your wife. Well, that servant lives alone. Your wife and yourself discourage "followers." You don't like her to have too much company of either sex in the kitchen. Your wife cannot associate with her. The kitchen is her sitting-room; the smallest and most remote room in the house is her bedroom. From six A. M. until nine P. M., or earlier and later, may be, are her hours of work. In all that time she speaks when she is spoken to, and she is spoken to when there are orders for her, just as convicts are allowed to speak in a penitentiary. Well, now, the lonely creature in the kitchen is a woman. Do you wonder she wants to go to the jolly butcher and the grocer's boy for a little gossip? Do you wonder that she flirts with the policeman? Do you wonder that when she goes to the ball she stays until some time the next day? She sits down three times a day and eats her meals in solitude. So utterly alone that she can hear herself swallow. I wonder that she doesn't go mad. The man, who works at the lowest occupation has an easier time than that. The man who cleans the streets has company of his own class. He eats his dinner with his fellow laborers. The rag picker meets rival rag pickers every day. I don't wonder the house servant stipulates for company and evenings out.

A Visit to Lincoln Park.

Popular and pretty Lincoln Park on the Delaware is a delightful place to visit. An hour's delightful ride on the Delaware on warm days, a stroll in the shady groves of the park and a round of the different amusements, as well as listening to a great musical treat, will repays one who takes the trip. The carroussel and the toboggan are the delight of the children; the haunted swing, the music and the phonographs and kinetoscope prove interesting to the older persons, while the boys find pleasure on the ball grounds, and families find a resting place in the spacious picnic grove. Steamers run hourly from Race and Christian Street wharves, Philadelphia.

NEVER GOT TIRED.—Among many American settlers there was an impression that the Indians had little intelligence or craft in their relations with the white men. The latter soon found, however, that this was not the case. Some of the farmers attempted to make farm servants of the Indians, but discovered that they had a propensity to "get tired" so soon that their services were of little value.

One day, a farmer was visited by a stalwart Indian, who said, "Me want work."

"No," said the farmer; "you will get tired."

"No, no," said the Indian; "me never get tired."

The farmer, taking his word for it, set the Indian to work and went away about some business. Towards night he returned to the place, and found the Indian sound asleep under a tree.

"Look here—look here!" shouted the farmer, shaking the violently. "You told me you never got tired!"

"Ugh!" said the Indian, rubbing his eyes and slowly clambering to his feet. "If me not lie down me get tired like the rest!"

FACT VS. FANCIES.—A distinguished judge was recommended by a poetic friend to study Shelley. The worthy man of the law was anything but an imaginative person, but he supposed he ought to read the author, and so he procured a volume of his poems and began.

"And what do you think of it?" said his friend, after the judge had waded through some few pages. "Isn't it exquisitely beautiful?"

"Well, well—oh, yes—daresay it is," said the judge; "but what I want to know is, when are we going to get at the facts?"

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Humorous.

THE DIFFERENCE.

Achievements of his early youth
His wife has heard narrated
To prove that he had not, in truth,
Been overestimated.
Her small supply of facts did not
Entitle her to doubt him,
But now it's different—she's got
To know too much about him.
—U. S. NOTE.

Faint education—Gymnastics.

A table of interest—The dinner-table.

A sweet thing in bonnets—A pretty woman's face.

One thing in which two heads are better than one—A barrel.

A lone hand—The one on the man that has lost his other arm.

Why is a farmer like a chicken?—Because he delights in full a crop.

"And you're sure you want me for myself, Dick?" "No, for myself."

Artists may not be guilty of direct falsehoods, but they generally give things a color.

"Matchless misery" has been defined to be having a cigar and nothing to light it with.

"What are our young men coming to?" wails a poet. Coming to see our girls, of course.

"Does Mudge belong to any secret order?" "None, I think, except possibly the I. O. U."

An ugly wart is a difficult thing to get off one's hands. An ugly daughter still more difficult.

This was the tempting notice lately exhibited by a dealer in cheap shirts: "They won't last long at this price!"

"Willie, where are those apples gone that were in the cellar?" "They are with the ginger that was in the cupboard."

"I insist upon your leaving the house," she said angrily. "Certainly," replied the tramp blandly, "I have no intention of taking it with me."

"I feel," said an old lady, "that I've got about through with this world. I don't enjoy much more trouble, nor suffer much more comfort."

A.: Why do you always prefix the word "dictated" to your letters? I see you don't keep a correspondent. B.: No, but I am rather deficient in spelling.

"Is that the fire alarm?" asked the loquacious individual as the gong sounded for the library to close. "Yes," replied the librarian, "this is the hour when we fire everybody out."

Customer, in cheap restaurant: "Say, waiter, the milk curdles in this coffee." Waiter: "I don't blame it, boss, en ef you could git er glimpse of de kitchen de blood ud curdle in your veins."

Muggins: Wigwag's wife has quite a temper, hasn't she? Boggins: I really don't know. She lost it the last time I was there, and I didn't wait to see whether she found it or not.

"Things is getting way beyond my time," said old Mrs. Brown. "I've just been reading about a new drug that makes a woman love a man that gives it to her. They call it hypnotism."

A railway engineer saying the usual life of a locomotive was only thirty years, a passenger remarked such a tough-looking thing ought to live longer than that. "Well," responded the engineer, "perhaps it would if it did not smoke so much."

Rural Raggles: Madam, yer don't happen ter have a porous plaster in the house, do yer?

Mrs. Hossiff: Perhaps I may have. Is it for a headache?

Rural Raggles: No, ma'am; I jest want ter patch dis hole in me pants.

Official: You cannot stay in this country, sir.

Traveler: Then I'll leave it.

Official: Have you a permit to leave?

Traveler: No, sir.

Official: Then you cannot go; I leave you 24 hours to make up your mind as to what you shall do.

"Mr. Bunting," said the doctor, as he left his patient to speak to her husband, "I am afraid your wife's mind is gone." Husband, in no way startled: "I am not surprised, for she has been giving me a piece of it almost every day since we married, and that's fifteen years ago."

Brown: Stryker seems to be working very hard in his campaign. I never saw a man look so pale.

Jones: It is from loss of blood. Since he started to run for office his heart has been bleeding for the working man every time he makes a speech.

Jinks, at a variety entertainment: "The fellow in front of us was about the only one who didn't applaud that good old song 'Don't Deceive a Man Because He Wears a Ragged Coat.' He must be a regular aristocrat, too, like." Blinks: "Well, I dunno. Maybe he's a tailor."

HIS CHOICE OF TWO EVILS.—The tramp sat on the kitchen doorstep gnawing a bone, and evidently enjoying himself. The lady of the house was watching him carelessly.

"You are well and strong, aren't you?" she asked.

"Quite so, lady; thanks to a beneficent Providence," he said, reverently.

"Why, then, don't you work for a living, instead of begging for it?"

"Well, madam," he said with precision, "I've tried working and I've tried begging, and I discovered that people find more fault with the work I do than with the begging I do; so I have concluded to choose the lesser evil, and stick to it. In this world you can't please everybody."

TWO SIDES TO THE MATTER.—"Mr. Smaddlesome," said the young man with businesslike directness, "I have called, in obedience to the custom in such cases, to ask your formal consent to my marrying your daughter, Miss Penelope." "I don't know that I have any objections, Mr. Pilkingham," replied the father cordially. "Thank you," rejoined the young man. "And now, having complied with the custom, I consider the negotiations so far advanced as to justify me in asking you if you have any recommendations?" "Recommendations? For what?" "For the position, sir," said Mr. Pilkingham in the self-possessed manner of a man who knew his business and was prepared to attend to it, "of father in law in my family."

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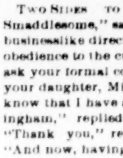

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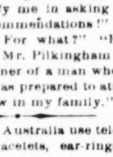

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Instructions to enable Ladies and Gentlemen to measure their own heads with accuracy.

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FOR WIGS, INCHES.
No. 1. The round of the head.
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No. 5. From ear to ear over the top.
No. 6. From ear to ear round the forehead.

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Also DOLLARD'S REGENERATIVE CREAM to be used in conjunction with the Herbanium when the Hair is naturally dry and needs an oil.

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Oak Lodge Thorpe,
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Leave 24th and Chestnut Sts., 3.55, 8.10, 9.17, 10.18, 11.14 a m, 12.37. Dining car, 2.38, 3.45, 6.22, 8.10 dining car, 11.45 p m. Sunday 3.55, 8.10, 10.18 a m, 12.14, 3.45, 6.12, 8.10 dining car, 11.45 p m.

Leave New York, foot of Liberty street, 8.00, 9.00, 10.00, 11.30 a m, 1.30, 2.30, 3.30, 4.00 (two-hour train), 5.00, 6.00, 7.35, 8.45, 10.02 p m, 12.15 night. Sundays, 9.00, 10.00, 11.30, a m, 2.30, 4.00, 6.00, 6.00 p m, 12.15 night.

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For Reading—Express, 8.35, 10.00 a m, 12.45, 4.00, 6.00, 11.30 p m. Accom., 4.20, 7.42 a m, 1.42, 4.55, 5.22, 7.20 p m. Sunday—Express, 4.00, 9.05 a m, 11.30 p m. Accom., 7.30 a m, 6.00 p m.

For Lebanon and Harrisburg—Express, 8.35, 10.00 a m, 4.00, 6.00 p m. Accom., 4.20 a m, 7.20 p m. Sunday—Express, 4.00, a m.

For Pottsville—Express, 8.35, 10.00 a m, 4.00, 6.00, 11.30 p m. Accom., 4.20, 7.42 a m, 1.42 p m. Sunday—Express, 4.00, 9.05 a m, 11.30 p m. Accom., 6.00 p m.

For Shamokin and Williamsport—Express, 8.35, 10.00 a m, 4.00, 11.30 p m. Sunday—Express, 9.05 a m, 11.30 p m. Additional for Shamokin—Express, week-days, 6.00 p m. Accom., 4.20 a m. Sundays—Express, 4.00 a m.

FOR ATLANTIC CITY.

Leave Chestnut Street and South Street Wharves—Weekdays—Express, 9.00 a m, (Saturdays only 1.00 p m), 2.00, 4.00, 5.00, 8.00, 9.00, 11.30 p m. Accommodation, 8.00 a m, 4.15 p m. Sundays—Express, 8.00, 9.00, 10.00 a m. Accommodation, 8.00 a m, 4.30 p m.

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